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# THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE

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VOL. VI.—No. 2.  
(New Series)

APRIL—JUNE, 1931.

Price 2/6

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## THE IRISH THEATRE IN 1930

*By Andrew E. Malone.*

THE year 1930 is unlikely to be known as a 'vintage' year in the Irish theatre, because in so far as the Irish drama is concerned that was probably the poorest year since the Abbey Theatre opened its doors more than twenty-six years ago. It is necessary to go back as far as 1905 to discover another year in which only five plays were produced for the first time, and in that year the Theatre was in the first year of its existence. When it is remembered that as many as sixteen new plays have been produced for the first time in some years, in 1913 for instance, and that the average is in the neighbourhood of ten, the extreme poverty of 1930 will be easily comprehended. Only two first plays by new authors were staged, and of these one was the posthumous offering of Major Bryan Cooper, the other being the first play by a lady who promises well, Miss T. Deevy. Despite these new authors everyone seems to be in agreement that the year was so poor that nothing is left to reverence.

Probably for the first time in the recent history of the drama and the theatre in Ireland it is necessary to look elsewhere than to the Abbey Theatre for the outstanding events of the year in the theatre in Ireland. Easily the most significant event, for the drama and the theatre, of the year was the opening of the new Gate Theatre in the famous Rotunda Buildings in Dublin. These old buildings have figured in many of the most critical and the most stormy events in the modern history of Ireland, and in the very hall in which the Gate Theatre is now housed many events of great moment in the musical history of Dublin

were decided. Now in the old Concert Hall, which in recent years has had many vicissitudes and which was in its time known as the Everyman Theatre, is situated the Gate Theatre from which much has already come, and much more is promised. For two seasons the Dublin Gate Theatre Studio, "in association with the London Gate Theatre Studio," gave a series of performances at the little Peacock Theatre in the Abbey Theatre Buildings. At the Peacock Theatre a reputation was made and the nucleus of an audience gathered, so that the little Theatre became much too small for a development of the new enterprise. A Theatre that is capable of seating only 100 people is obviously not quite the place in which to house an enterprise which seems destined to have important and wide-spread effects upon the Irish drama of the immediate future. Under the direction of Messrs. Hilton Edwards and Michael MacLiammoir the Gate Theatre in its first two seasons did much that is memorable, but up to the present it has done little to surpass its efforts of the Peacock Theatre days. In fact many of its productions at the new Gate Theatre have been revivals of the Peacock Theatre successes, and far too much attention has been given to plays which were rejected by the Directors of the Abbey Theatre as unworthy of a place on their stage.

As the theatre in Dublin and Ireland stands to-day the existence of such a theatre as the Gate, with an international repertory at its command, is essential to the further development of the Irish drama. What is now generally known as "the peasant play" has gone quite out of fashion and popular favour, so that even in the Abbey Theatre itself audiences dwindle before it and dramatists persist in breaking from its limitations. While it is generally agreed that picture galleries in which the best possible collection of pictures from all nations are desirable, and even essential, for the development of the art of painting, nothing like the same insistent demand is made on the part of the dramatist and potential dramatist. Yet, it will be plain that the potential dramatist requires to study from the best and most varied representatives of his art as does the painter; and so the establishment of a repertory theatre devoted to the best in the modern and contemporary world drama is a necessity for Ireland.

The "peasant play" is no longer fashionable or popular, and there are signs that even the "city slum" play on the Sean



O'Casey model is not quite so popular as it was a year ago. There is a necessity, then, for a new type of play, based upon a different material. There is in Ireland abundance of material for all kinds of drama, from the social problem play to the newest kind of expressionism; but the models upon which such drama can be built have hitherto been lamentably lacking on the Irish stage. It is these models that the Gate Theatre has been created to supply, and it is these world-plays that the Gate Theatre will do its best work, indeed its only real work, in staging. In the past such theatres as that of the late Edward Martyn, and the many small groups with which Dublin abounded twenty-five years ago did much to bring the drama of the world to the knowledge of those who desired it; and in more recent times the Dublin Drama League continued that excellent work. The Dublin Drama League demonstrated that the audience for such plays consisted almost entirely of playwrights and potential playwrights, with a large sprinkling of these interested in the literary drama; and the League did a very necessary work in bringing the best and most varied selection of the plays of the contemporary theatre to the knowledge of the playwrights, potential playwrights, amateur and professional actors, and such part of theatre-going public as desired to keep abreast of the drama of to-day. It is this work that the Gate Theatre was founded to continue, and it is in this work that it will be of the utmost value to the Irish theatre in general. It is now rather painfully gathering an audience for its larger Theatre; passing through those phases of financial struggle which have been familiar to such theatres in all parts of the world, and which the Abbey Theatre knew only too well in its most brilliant and most vital days.

Perhaps the most significant thing about the Irish theatre in 1930 was the absence from its stage of all the leading dramatists with the exception of Mr. W. B. Yeats. The fact that only five new plays were staged is demonstration of this apparent indication that all the leading dramatists of the Abbey Theatre have become tired or bored, or merely idle. The whole world is now familiar with the storied rejection by the Abbey Theatre, and subsequent production by the Gate Theatre, of the plays of such outstanding literary figures as Messrs. T. C. Murray and Austin Clarke. But there have been no new plays by Lennox Robinson, Sean O'Casey, Lady Gregory, Brinsley MacNamara, or any of the older play-

wrights to compensate for the absence of new dramatists. Possibly it is more to be regretted that the new dramatists have not come forward in their usual numbers; or, perhaps it may be, that they have been numerous enough but that their plays were of an unusually poor quality. In the course of a note appended to the programme of the Abbey Theatre a few months ago Mr. Lennon Robinson seemed to indicate that the plays submitted to the Abbey Theatre were numerous, and that the quality was poorer even than that of the many poor specimens actually staged in recent years. Evidently the great boom in play-writing in Ireland has passed, and the ambition of Irish writers to-day is centred in the novel.

The year opened with "Dark Isle," the second play from the pen of Mr. Gerald Brosnan which marked little or no advance on his "Before Midnight" and did not raise hopes of better work in the immediate future. For a time it seemed as if Mr. Brosnan might follow in the track of Sean O'Casey but unless his next play is a great advance on "Dark Isle" the hopes reposed in him must be shattered. Within a few weeks after Mr. Brosnan's play came "Peter" from Mr. Rutherford Mayne, who was for a very long period a pillar of the Ulster Literary Theatre, and only one of whose plays had received its first production at the Abbey Theatre, as far back as 1911. The production of two new plays within a month augured well for a very prosperous season, but the hope of a long series of new plays was quickly shattered, and only two more plays were staged for the first time before the summer recess.

In "Peter" Mr. Rutherford Mayne to some slight extent ventured upon new ground, and for the first time he ventured far from his native Ulster. Not too far, however, as his hero was an enterprising hotel-keeper from the Antrim town of Ballymena. In form the play was interesting, as it made use of the prologue-epilogue framework for what turned out to be a very bad dream of an engineering student. Another departure was that in this play the Abbey School of Ballet co-operated with the regular company in the cabaret scene in Sam Partridge's version of the Grand Babylon Hotel. Since then the School has co-operated in other productions, and on each occasion the blending of ballet and drama was of the happiest kind. "Peter" has been revived several times since its first production, and at



the end of a year still retains some of its first-night popularity. It will probably be one of the plays to be staged by the Abbey Theatre Company on its visit to the United States in the autumn of this year.

In "The New Gossoon" Mr. George Shiels attempted to depict the peculiar effect of the "new" young man upon the rather old-fashioned inhabitants of a northern Irish village. A great deal of play was made with a motor-cycle, by which the spirit of the modern age was symbolised, but it can hardly be said that the play was a great success, although it received a very enthusiastic reception on its first production. "The New Gossoon" has also been revived several times with evident appreciation, and it is to be presented in London by Mr. J. B. Fagan with an Irish cast sometime in the early part of the present year. In Mr. Shiels' plays there is an exuberance of dialogue combined with an amplitude of incident and action that accounts for their popularity in the theatre, but in characterisation there is such a marked deficiency that they cannot be taken quite seriously as contributions to Irish drama. They make every effort to be comedy, but they invariably degenerate into farce before the end of the first act. Even in his best play "Paul Twynning" this defect spoils what would otherwise have been a considerable play. But Mr. Shiels is now one of the most consistent and regular contributors to the annual programme of the Abbey Theatre, and his plays always command large audiences to receive them with evident delight.

Before the late Major Bryan Cooper died it became generally known that he had written a detective play which was to be staged at the Abbey Theatre in due time. Unfortunately ere the play came to be staged its author had been dead for some time, and a potential dramatist was lost to the Irish theatre. It cannot be said that "Let the Credit Go" is a masterpiece of detective or crime drama, but what can be said of it is that it was the first attempt to acclimatise this form of play, now so popular in America and England, to the peculiar atmosphere of the Abbey Theatre. It had also the very considerable advantage of keeping the solution of the mystery in safe custody until a few minutes before the final curtain fell. In "Let the Credit Go" there was some slightly stressed criticism of the methods of the Irish Free State Civic Guard, but that criticism did not obtrude either to the

detriment of the play or to the rousing of an agitation to check certain abuses which were demonstrated. This attempt to bring the art of Mr. Edgar Wallace to the stage of the Abbey Theatre has not yet had time to stimulate others to follow its example, but no doubt there will be as numerous a following for this kind of play in Dublin as there is in any other city of the world to-day. Possibly the playwrights are even now busy on their "crook" plays of Irish life.

Probably the new dramatist from whom most may be expected in the future is Miss T. Deevy, whose play "The Reapers" demonstrated that she possessed a fine dramatic talent but that she was somewhat crude in the disposition of her characters. In the course of her play Miss Deevy started such a number of hares that the hunt might have led anywhere, but ultimately it led her into a kind of dramatic *cul-de-sac* from which she was not sufficiently experienced to extricate herself. In "The Reapers," however, she did prove that she can create living stage characters, write sprightly and natural dialogue, and that she has a fine sense of the theatre. This was her first effort at playwriting, and its goodness certainly gives ground for a sanguine hope of excellent plays to come. There will probably be a new one ready for the Abbey Theatre about the middle of this year.

In the fifth play of the year, "Dark Isle" was running when the year opened and must be credited to 1929, Mr. W. B. Yeats again demonstrated his mastery of the craft of playwriting. His little play "The Words Upon the Window Pane" was easily the most important first production of the year at the Abbey Theatre. Taking an etched inscription on the glass of a window in a Dublin house frequented by Dean Swift Mr. Yeats managed to evoke the spirit of Dublin's Gloomy Dean without the necessity for his bodily presence on the stage. The method adopted, while novel for Mr. Yeats, is that so successfully used by Miss Susan Glaspell with such fine effect in her short play "Berenice," and to some extent in the longer play "Allison's House." "The Words Upon the Window Pane" was as much a contribution to the controversial topic of Swift's reason for his celibacy, as it was an excellent one-act play. Here Mr. Yeats found scope for the use of his interest in all things occult which it may be hoped he will continue to use in further contributions to the Abbey



Theatre stage. In this prose form he may in these days achieve a new reputation with a new generation.

During the year there were some important revivals at the Abbey Theatre, and of these the outstanding event was certainly the appearance of Mr. Dudley Digges in his original part of the Wise Man in "The Hour Glass." Since he appeared in this little play at its first production in Dublin in 1903 Mr. Digges has become one of the leading actors in the United States, being one of the pillars of the famous Theatre Guild in New York. He has also achieved considerable fame as a film actor, but he says there is no danger that he will forsake the stage for the studios of Hollywood as so many of the actors of America and England have done in recent years. Other welcome revivals were some of Lady Gregory's "folk history plays," which should certainly be seen more frequently at the Abbey Theatre. Indeed, there is no reason why these plays should not, as their author originally intended, be presented to schools in all parts of the country as items in the teaching of Irish history. Since the Abbey Theatre is not in a position to do this the schools should themselves organise their classes into dramatic companies, as is done in an increasing number of the English and American schools, and act these little plays for themselves. Or, the Abbey Theatre School of Acting might concentrate upon them, in combination with the verse plays of Mr. Yeats, and thus be trained in the most formative plays that the Abbey Theatre has to offer. If the Abbey tradition is to be maintained it must be carried by the School, which will supply the new actors, and by the training of a new audience which will be familiarised with the plays that gave the Abbey Theatre its first claim to Irish and international recognition. The little Peacock Theatre could be utilised for a regular programme of these plays by the School, and there is almost certainly an audience of five—or six—hundred awaiting the possibility to see these plays on the stage. At present the plays are left safely within the covers of the books for enjoyment in the libraries.

At the Gate Theatre sixteen new programmes were submitted during the year, but of these the most important was easily the first production in Ireland of Shaw's immense play "Back to Methuselah." This production was in every way meritorious, and it attracted packed houses during the two weeks of its run

at the Theatre. The general opinion of those who saw the play for the first time was that it is better to read than to see on the stage, but at this production acts one and five, which are usually the most attractive in other performances, seemed dull; and it was in "The Gospel of the Brothers Barnabbas" and "The Tragedy of an Elderly Gentleman" that the company at the Gate Theatre scored most heavily. The final part of the play, "As Far as Thought Can Reach" was neither as impressive or as thought-provoking as it was in the Birmingham Repertory Theatre production at the first Malvern Festival. After "Back to Methuselah" the most memorable productions were "Faust," with which the new Theatre opened, "Berkeley Square," "The Witch," and "The Beaux Stratagem." The most popular production was certainly "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," the success of which would seem to suggest the existence of a considerable section of the Dublin population in search of such entertainment. Possibly, the melodrama of the old Queen's Theatre, now a cinema, would still prove exceedingly attractive to this section, and that it would still secure large and appreciative audiences. While many of the Gate Theatre productions were such as would have commanded large audiences anywhere, it must be noted with regret, and some little shame, that audiences were never as large as the Directors of the Theatre had every right to expect. It may be hoped that this is but a passing phase, such as every new theatre has to experience before it reaches comparative safety, which will be rectified in time. The Gate Theatre is both necessary and useful to Dublin, and every effort should be made by theatre-goers to ensure its success.

Some extremely fine performances were given by amateur societies, of which Dublin and Ireland contains a very large number. Sometimes it is a little difficult to differentiate between the professional and the amateur companies, because the exact status of the players is often somewhat difficult to determine. It happens frequently that a player will be in a professional cast, in a definitely professional production, at one performance; and in the next acting with a company composed to some extent of amateurs. Professional and amateur actors pass from one to the other in a disconcerting way for the purist in such matters, but to the playgoer and the theatre-enthusiast such intermingling is an unalloyed good. There will probably be no question that



such intermingling must be beneficial to the amateurs who have the privilege of playing by the side of experienced professional actors.

Among these amateur and mixed productions the outstanding event was the performance of "What Every Woman Knows" by the Company directed by Mrs. May Carey and Miss Norah Lumsden. Both of these ladies have had the advantage of a thorough training in acting and stage-craft, and both are fully experienced: Mrs. Carey with the famous Poel Company, and Miss Norah Lumsden at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London. In consequence of this training and experience their production of "What Every Woman Knows" was of such a high standard that any professional company would have been proud of it. A number of contemporary English plays were produced by Mrs. Kirkwood Hackett's Company, of which "The Last of Mrs. Cheney" was easily the best. A bad feature of the productions by this Company was the slipshod staging, which permitted anachronisms of many kinds to mar its performances. The New Players presented for the first time in English Martinez Sierra's "Mama," and later in the year gave a highly meritorious performance of Monckton Hoffe's "Many Waters." The Argosy Players gave a commendable production to A. A. Milne's "The Fourth Wall"; the Bohemia Players an excellent performance of John Drinkwater's successful comedy of English rural life "Bird in Hand," and a passable performance of Benn Levy's "Mrs. Moonlight"; and the Dublin Jewish Dramatic Society presented with fair success Rubenstein's very difficult play "Peter and Paul." The University Dramatic Societies presented seven plays during the year, of which the best was "Rope" as played by the members of the Dublin University Dramatic Society. The production of "Bystander" was noteworthy as the first play of a new playwright, Mr. Robert Brennan, and for giving Mr. Paul Farrell scope for an exceptionally brilliant impersonation of an English prison warder. The opening of the Civic Theatre in Dun Laoghaire was welcomed as giving evidence of theatrical and dramatic development in that newly-constituted Borough, but unfortunately the experiment did not meet with sufficient local support to achieve permanence. Another effort is now being made there, and may have a better fate. There is in the new Borough of Dun Laoghaire a sufficiently large population

to maintain a good repertory theatre, but all evidence points to a difficult time for those who would organise and manage it in its earlier years.

At the Gaiety Theatre there was the usual round of English touring companies in all manner of plays; good, bad, and indifferent, but mainly indifferent. The MacDona Players in a selection from Bernard Shaw's plays, and a visit from Mr. Franklin Dyall in a poor play were outstanding events, but undoubtedly the greatest event of the year at that Theatre was the first production in Dublin of Shaw's much-discussed "political extravaganza" "The Apple Cart." By classifying "The Apple Cart" as "a political extravaganza," instead of merely "a play in three acts," as was done at the Malvern Festival production, much of the criticism to which the play was then subjected is discounted; and by calling what was at Malvern entitled "Act II." quite frankly "an interlude" the antics of Orinthia are made understandable. The Gaiety Theatre, on the whole, keeps steadily to its tradition as the home of musical comedy and lighter drama.

All the members of both the Abbey and Gate Theatre Companies gave very brilliant performances at times during the year, but like all repertory companies they sometimes were miscast and even gave definitely bad performances. The only new acting reputation made during the year was that of Miss May Craig, now one of the veterans of the Abbey Theatre Company and long known as an actress of ability. In "The Words Upon the Window Pane" she carried the whole play herself, and at moments touched emotional heights to which her greatest admirers probably believed she could never aspire. In another, and a poor, play, "Professor Tim," she made the final act look like great drama in the character of the harassed housewife who believed her family repute was on the point of disaster through a dissolute brother. In Miss May Craig the Abbey Theatre has an actress of whose excellence there is for long periods no opportunity to judge, and she should be given greater scope in future productions.

There is one feature of the theatre year that cannot have escaped the attention of assiduous theatre-goers: the degeneration of the audience. At the Abbey Theatre performances are marred by giggling and tittering such as would have disgraced that



Theatre when it was known as The Mechanics Institute ; and at other theatres, and cinemas, the same fault is to be encountered in the audiences. Some observers are of the opinion that it was the plays of Sean O'Casey which brought about this deterioration, but it could have been noted at a much earlier date whenever Arthur Sinclair appeared on the stage. What remedy can be applied is difficult to see ; but it is certain that something must be done before the theatre in Dublin is made quite impossible for those who care for the theatre and the drama.

# LES AMOURS d'HÉLÈNE

*(From the French of Pierre de Ronsard).*

BY MONA PRICE.

## I.

Harsh juniper, child of the wilderness,  
You prickly holly glowing in the wood ;  
Ivy that shines in caverns' solitude,  
Ye bubbling springs that thirsty deserts bless ;  
Pigeons, who love with feathery caress,  
Ring doves who mourn perpetual widowhood,  
Ye carolling nightingales whose amorous mood  
Ecstatic songs by day and night confess ;  
You alien swallow, you with the red breast,  
O robin should you see my nymph pass by,  
Over the fresh grass, to gather April's flowers,  
Tell her, how drag the unprofitable hours  
While I await her, say I am too hard-pressed,  
And if she tarry longer I must die.

## 2.

April has come, when first she saw the light  
Who is the symbol of heavenly beauty here,  
The mirror of grace, the phoenix without peer  
The sun itself to my bewildered sight.  
Clove-pinks, the velvet rose, and silver-bright  
Lilies, her cradle made ; the Gods were near  
Her advent in this rainbowed month ; to rear  
His pet, Love pillaged bees for her delight.  
Apollo and the Graces with the Nine  
Pierides at birth with flowers bestrewed  
Their favoured cherub, O in gratitude  
To April's gentle bounty, a fair shrine  
I'll dedicate, and there to Eros pray  
To sanctify this ninth and dearest day.



## 3.

This peerless rose for love of whom I shower  
Sad tears by day and night incontinently,  
May wear at last as high a destiny  
As Thetis' son, he too of arms the flower.  
A jealous Heaven cut short his radiant hour,  
Too bright for earth his winged mortality ;  
But through the years men tell his history,  
Whose memory craves nor pedestal nor tower.  
His valour lives, sung by a bard sublime ;  
Your graces in my verses shine no less.  
Death has no power to terminate your fame,  
'Tis not your beauty but your Muse-loved name  
Breeds envy in the ladies of our time ;  
My love alone spares you forgetfulness.

## 4.

Put off that girlish loveliness, away  
With those rare graces heaven bestowed, O shed  
Divinity's low voice, Olympian tread,  
Those youthful glances, scholar's wits, I pray !  
For then no longer will my looks betray  
This tedious importunity, which fed  
On such dear charms grows wild ; the derangéd  
Soul anguish-driven, will desperately essay  
Forbidden favours, so if I touch your hand,  
Forbear to let those cheeks with anger pale ;  
For I am lunatic, my mind will stand  
No curb, I am stricken with a devouring flame ;  
O do not coldly shun me, only blame  
Your own too-fatal beauty if I fail.

## 5.

That time impelled by jocund heart's desire  
You joined the Masquerade ; in Cupid's dance  
Your eyes made morn of night, their radiance  
Shed through the hall such stars of eager fire.  
O peerless ballet ! art that can inspire  
A poet's rapturous allegiance,  
First mingled in harmonious consonance,  
Dissevering soon with pirouette and gyre  
To mock Meander's stream ; your pattern changed  
From square to garland, to three-pointed arrow,  
Like squadroned cranes that from the winter flee ;  
But you danced not young love, your light feet ranged  
Above the ground, your body seemed to borrow  
For that gay night, a winged divinity.

## 6.

Helen, while weaving me a coronal  
Of laurel and myrtle, leaf on leaf entwined,  
Cried " Ronsard, this proud wreath I have designed  
For him ordained to sing me above all ! "  
Love who was listening, with swift barb of gall  
On my heart engraved her choice. " Her poet will find  
His pen is winged, his thoughts swift as the wind,  
With such a bounteous theme, he must enthrall  
The world, a very swan " said Love. I heard  
His bow loud-humming, felt the great wings quiver,  
Upon my brow the ageless myrtle stirred ;  
Muses farewell ! your outworn favours tire,  
Helen is all Parnassus I desire,  
With such a girl, the laurel's mine for ever.



# THE RIDDLE

*By George Manning-Sanders.*

SILAS was a dull-minded man and his thoughts always seemed to traverse his brain for a long time before they gave any clue to their intention. Silas was twenty-five years of age, and for five years he had lived alone in a tiny cottage which had been left to him by his widowed mother. The cottage was a mile out of the village where Silas worked as a quarryman. An uphill climb when his day's work was done. Here Silas lived as simply and plainly as it is possible for a human being to live. In the winter nights he went to bed early because he could not read easily. In the long summer evenings he tended a few vegetables and flowers in the half acre plot round his cottage. There was a thatch on the cottage that was becoming woefully thin from winter winds and the nesting activities of birds. Every spring Silas looked up at the thieving birds and said aloud that he would have to shoot them. On Saturday nights he went down to the village public house to drink steadily, rarely smiling or talking, but always ready to beat time with his immense boots on the wooden floor if there was any music, while his dull face remained unchanged and thoughtful, just as if he were trying to find a reason for the jollification of his fellows.

One spring evening at dusk when Silas was returning from such a carouse with a cartridge in his pocket which he had got in exchange for a whole pint of beer, he was surprised to see a donkey grazing on the waste ground close beside the boundary hedge of his garden. Silas, afraid that the little animal would lean over the hedge to nip his plants, picked up a stone and threw it and saw then that the donkey was tethered. He stood awhile in the dusk thinking this over. And presently he saw a glow of light from a camp fire shine upon a tiny cart and a ragged tent and the few odds and ends of travelling gypsies.

"They'll do something—that's certain," thought Silas and he went into his cottage as noiselessly as he could and took down the old gun that had been his father's and tried to manipulate the rusted lock to force the live cartridge into the gun, and thinking of defence he rummaged in a cupboard and took out from it a few iron bars and long handled hammers of his trade and laid them on the table. He had a fear of gypsies, he thought they

had come there to rob him at dead of night, knowing that he had a black leather bag filled with golden sovereigns, the savings of his mother and her mother before her. The secret hiding place of this wealth was in the thatch reached from the bedroom by putting his arm through to the shoulder; it seemed safe enough generally after the hole had been filled with straw, but the thought of those bright-eyed, neat-fingered gypsies, so near and so eager to rob him, made it seem a ridiculously easy place to find. The more he thought of it, the more unsafe it seemed to Silas. In the dense gloom, lighted only by the glow from a low placed window, he took out the wad of thatch and put in his arm and was reassured when he had taken out the bag and heard the musical chink of his treasure.

Silas had a well of sweet water in his garden. Early on Sunday morning he heard the splash of water and peering cautiously from the window he saw a tall, ragged gypsy man drawing water for his needs. It was gray of dawn, but the camp fire was lighted and through a small clearing he could see also a woman deftly skinning a rabbit while another woman yawned and talked complainingly.

Silas felt relieved at what he had seen. Those robbers were evidently up early because they were going to move on. So he drew the patchwork quilt obliteratingly about his head and passed to sleep again. He was roused some hours after sunrise by the stentorian hooting of a donkey. The people were nowhere to be seen and no smoke came from the camp. Silas got up and dressed hurriedly in his best suit, an affair of creased shoddy cloth that smelt of damp from being kept all the week folded in a cupboard, a mere niche in the wall. He put a handful of furze under a kettle, set light to it and went out into the open. The donkey looked over the wall at him mournfully and accusingly as it seemed to Silas. He stood for some minutes returning the donkey's gaze. The animal reminded him of something, but he could not recall what it was. He puzzled over this while he ate his frugal breakfast of bread and margarine and drank strong boiled tea. "That's the worst of me, I nearly call it to mind and then I don't. I'd like to know why I was so uncommon took up with that strange donkey. That I would," thought Silas.

He swilled the cup, rubbed the knife in the earth, threw

the eatables into a cupboard and sauntered out to have a further look at the donkey. After a time he began to think that his bewilderment might have something to do with the deserted camp. He pondered on whether it would be safe to go there when he carried all his treasure slung inside his shirt. "That would never do, old boy," he said shaking his head, and the donkey hooted mournful acquiescence.

Toward midday a near neighbour of Simons, a cobbler, taking a short cut from a roadside chapel, leant over the fragmentary gate and stared at the gypsy camp. "Bad folk," said he. "No religion in 'em and no fear of God or devil. They'll be the man and the two Jezebels who've to go into Poldroon Monday morning summoned for poaching. They'll be sent to chokey and it'll be a shame if they're ever left abroad again."

"Bad folk eh,?" said Silas.

"Couldn't be worse. Neither of them women carry no Christian rings on their fingers, I'll be bound. They shouldn't be allowed behaving free like that, it's a mockery to us in the faith who have to work so hard to be decent. Here be I a God-fearer, and I've to pelt and wallop boots worn thin by sinning folk, to keep window curtains afore my windows and tidy underclothes to my wife's back, and here's a man paying no rent or anything else. Seems to me the more you do the less you get thanked for it. Here I've been going regular to chapel since I was a nipper and what have I got from it?"

"Couldn't say," said Silas, feeling that he had been asked a riddle.

"A jealous wife. And this gypsy that never darkens chapel door or spends a farthing on good works flaunts two handsome pieces—and robs and steals whenever he gets the chance."

"That's the thing—don't give 'em a chance," said Silas putting a hand on the bulge under his jacket where his treasure lay.

"Mark my words," said the cobbler, and he began to talk again but Silas made no pretence of listening, he was looking at the little donkey, trying to discover why he was so interested in the creature.

The next day, just as Silas, setting off for work had carefully shut and locked the door behind him and made it more than usually secure, the gypsy man, who had evidently been waiting,



came forward and said hoarsely. "I wants a word with you, mate. I'm like to be sent to quod this day for a month or six weeks and the two women with me."

"That's a pity that is," said Silas thinking with relief that the man did not look so evil as the cobbler had said.

"And if that's the way of it I want one to take charge of my donkey. See."

"Buy it do you mean, boy?" Silas' dull face gladdened. He remembered suddenly why he had taken so much interest in the donkey. He had at one time thought of getting a donkey to ride up and down to his work. His feet and legs got so tired mounting the hill after his day's work.

"Buy her if you've a mind to when we come out, but anyway look after her till then and our few things besides—they're all packed up snug over yonder."

"I'll do that much," said Silas, and after the gypsy man had struck hands with him, he got astride the donkey and rode off contentedly down to his work.

When he came back in the evening he was wondering what had chanced to the three outcasts and to his astonishment and almost disappointment, he saw smoke rising from the place where the encampment had been. "Boys larking about" he thought and after he had tied up the donkey he went to drive them away. He found a woman sitting drearily by the fire. She was young, her eyes were flashing, her lips large and supple and she watched the approach of Silas lethargically. "A month," she said simply "and for all I care they might so well have sent me too."

"You'll want the donkey then," said Silas.

The woman looked at him sharply. "Would I be able to draw all this along the roads?" she waved her arms toward the little trap.

"It's a pity if you do want the donkey" said Silas beginning to scratch his flaxen hair, "for it eased me uncommon."

"I've got to do something—I've got to live."

"What about your pitching camp just here and then I could use the donkey."

"How would I live?"

"Making clothes pegs and going into town to sell em, and evening times I'd not mind sharing food with you in return for the use of the donkey. My feet feel altogether different because of him."

The woman showed glittering white teeth, "I'll try."

Silas went into the cottage to prepare his tea and when it was ready he allowed his first cup to stand till it was cold, pondering on the solitary woman outside. He could neither eat nor drink for thinking of her. Presently he got up and went out to her and said casually: "I've about finished my snack, and if you've a mind you're welcome to finish up what's left."

The woman shook her head. "No I'll bide outdoors, and I've no stomach for food or company. Life is bitter hard, but thank you all the same."

Silas went away. He gardened till dusk, thinking all the time of the wide-eyed woman, wondering if she were a thief and if it was safe for him to put back his hoard in the old hiding place, and puzzled too because of something else about her. "She's more of a riddle than the donkey" he thought, "but I guessed the answer to him and I'll soon find out this other one."

For several days Silas did not see much of the gypsy woman, it seemed as if she were avoiding him. One evening she cut her finger deeply in making clothes pegs and she came to him to have it tied up. As Silas did this it occurred to him that she looked thin. "You're starving" he said suddenly.

"That's right—I am."

"Then come into my place and take your full whack. I'd not miss it and in return you could—well tidy up and cook I wouldn't wonder."

"I'll do that."

"That's right. You've been a riddle to me ever since them others went and now I've guessed you just like I did the donkey," cried the delighted Silas.

The days went by and yet somehow Silas found as he looked at the dark-faced woman that he was still peculiarly perplexed and puzzled in his thought of her. Once or twice he tried to explain this to her and couldn't because she laughed at him so much. "I've never known one the like of you," she gasped after an attack of laughing "never I haven't, and I believe when them others come to claim me, I'll not want to go from you."

"Wait a bit—wait a bit" cried Silas excitedly "for I believe that's something to do with the riddle. No, it's gone again. There's no answer to you that's certain."

A season of heavy rain set in, a deluge which made the waste

ground about the cottage a swamp and the canvas of the gypsy woman's tent a sieve.

"You must bring your bedding into the cottage, mate" said Silas compassionately.

"If I do you'll want to own me."

"What way would I own you?"

"Pestering me."

"How pestering then?"

"To wed you or something."

"I'd give my word not to."

"How can you be so sure?"

Silas pondered, sighing dreadfully, "I can't answer that. All I know is that you're the best riddle ever I've come across, only I don't want you to catch your death of cold in the wet and slog."

Silas helped the woman to make her bed of spread bracken on the floor of the bedroom opposite to his own. There was no door to this bedroom, and he hung two blankets to make a screen.

"I believe you're afeared of me," said she.

"Feared of what?"

"That I'll rise in the night and rob you of your gold."

"How come you to know that I had gold, then?"

"Saw you counting of it maybe."

"Then I'll not be able to hide it in the thatch never no more, I s'pose."

"You can for me."

The cobbler, hearing that the gypsy woman was living in the house, came to remonstrate with his friend. When he had gone, Silas, very white and shaking, sought the woman and said: "I'm going to pay you a wage as my—my housekeeper or something, all fair and square and right and proper, seven shilling a week if that's agreeable to you."

The woman who had overheard all the talk between the two men took the money, spat on it and glancing at Silas with shining tender eyes, said quietly: "That chap was guessing at me a bit, has he helped you any?"

"He has not, he's only made it worse saying this and that without foundation in his talk."

The woman mended Silas' clothes, and she sat by his hearth. She said she was called Grace. He called her by that name, shyly at first. She told him her life story over and over again, altering



it in detail every time she told it, while he sat gaping at her and smiling and shaking his head and flicking finger and thumb as if still in pursuit of the answer to his living riddle. They teased him at the quarry. They said that when the gypsy man came out from prison, he would take the woman away and slip a knife into Silas as well. "Why?" asked Silas, and the simple question disarmed the teasers.

As the time drew near for the release of her companions, Grace became more thoughtful, and Silas watched her, frowning as if he were determined by forceful thinking to come to a conclusion about her. On the night before the release he rose at dark of night and pushing aside the two blankets that led into her room he said: "Grace, dear heart, I want you, I want you for my own. I'm not going to pester, but I want you for my own."

Grace, roused from sleep, cried out. "Silas, Silas, I can't believe it."

"Yes and I'll wed you fair and square," said Silas, "as soon as may be. For I've a plan in my head for those others. I'll buy you from off them."

"Buy me?"

"Aye with gold."

"How—how much?"

"Two hundred gold coins in a black leather bag."

"You never!"

"Aye and more if I had it."

"Why?"

"How would I know. Because you are a riddle that I haven't come nigh guessing maybe."

"And you'll wed me?"

"What else."

"Then listen. You'll not need to buy me. Give him five pounds for the donkey and I'll sham sick, and they'll be off full tilt and only too glad to be rids of me."

"Is that fair?"

"All's fair in these capers."

"All right," agreed Silas and he strutted back to his room, fully convinced that he had at last solved this the most difficult riddle of all his life.

# DOUBLE BALLADE

*(From the French of François Villon).*

BY MICHAEL SCOT.

O if its love is your desire  
Sport, revels and festivities  
You'll, soon or late, fall in the fire  
And learn to rue your gallantries.  
Right fools Love made of e'en the wise  
Aye Solomon upon his throne :  
He wheedled Samson of his eyes  
Faith Love is better let alone.

Sweet-piping Orpheus drew the ire  
Of snake-maned Cerberus, who lies  
In Hades, spitting venom dire ;  
Narcissus, slender lad of sighs,  
Pure treasure of the crystal skies,  
Sank in his pool without a moan  
For beauty seen in shadow guise  
Faith Love is better let alone.

Sardana, fairest knight with squire  
In all his Crete-famed companies,  
For love, put on a maid's attire,  
And worked at women's broideries ;  
King David, wise in prophecies,  
Forgot God's honour and his own  
All for a pair of shapely thighs  
Faith Love is better let alone.

And Ammon, (strangely men aspire !)  
 Feigning to eat sweet-spiced pies,  
 Proffered to Tamar, amorous hire  
 —A most ignoble enterprise.  
 And Herod (strangely maids devise !)  
 Bid John the Baptist's head be thrown  
 'Neath two feet light as butterflies :  
 Faith Love is better let alone.

Now for myself I'll tune the lyre  
 Och, in my naked skin was I  
 Leathered (a fate that none admire)  
 While Katherine de Vaucelles stood by.  
 Noel, our friend, was there to ply  
 The rod, (the laugh is his I'll own).  
 That was dear loving certainly !  
 Faith Love is better let alone.

O lads will never cease to quire  
 Lasses, for all my warning cries  
 They laugh, like wizards on their pyre  
 Most sweet to them their wizardries.  
 But he that trusts a wild-cat dies  
 For sport she rends him bone from bone :  
 Fair head and dark alike despise  
 Faith Love is better let alone.



# HAND PRINTING AND MODERN CONDITIONS

*By James Guthrie.*

WRITERS on the subject of fine printing in general are much more anxious to point the moral of modern machinery than to allow any virtue, however faded, to the hand printer, who is by now well-accustomed to being misrepresented in articles usually contributed to the journals by interested critics and known as "Book Production Notes," wherein the successful trade printer is lauded for his devotion to works of ordinary utility, and for his proper submissiveness where sale price is concerned. References to William Morris are still occasionally met with; but now, late in the day, they invariably do less than justice to that great man, just as they were at one time more fulsome than exact. Meanwhile we may observe that some thirty years elapsed before the obvious lesson of Morris's work had any effect upon the trade beyond providing imitations of his ornaments and various devices for selling so-called limited editions at an increased profit. It is therefore not necessary that we should praise too highly a much-delayed revival having for its object the provision of good printing in place of bad. We might say with assurance that this conversion has taken place because of an example set by men who cared for the art, and not from any impulse originating within the trade itself, which for so long preferred, and still largely prefers, to go the easiest way—that is to say, in ignorance of those elements which distinguish a well-designed and adequately printed page from the common sort.

Morris is the ancestor, not of the hand printer, but of the typographical designer. His influence has been very great wherever good design and workmanship could penetrate; but the rediscovery of the hand press as an implement for the artist is certainly not his, despite the fact that he employed men to work at it in preference to the machine. He was, in the best sense of the word, an amateur: one who possessed ideas and the means by which he could carry them out. His example has fired others with the same, or a similar, desire to produce fine editions, although it is not difficult to see the difference between

his great talents and their little ones ; for the mere enrichments of fine paper and expensive types and bindings suggest cost rather than artistic capacity, and should not obscure the fact that these, however desirable they may be, are not the essentials of the art of making beautiful books, being what money can buy.

The true craftsman, like the artist, has to depend upon qualities which are more personal : he is not usually endowed or subsidised with funds ; and thus, while he may not be called upon to justify his work upon the ground that it serves a common need, nor make any claim as regards the "discipline of commercial values," it would seem like making a virtue of a common necessity were we to assume that, in finding acceptance, as he must, he avoids any obligation placed upon him. In a general sense he regards his work as the clue, without any ready-made theories about what will or will not sell. The common assumption that he takes no stock of his materials, and aims at obtaining prices far in excess of the value given, is without foundation. In these days of inflated commercial values it would be more correct to assert that the price of a hand printed book is a great deal more moderate than that of the "fine edition" produced by machine, the latter being manufactured in quantity, with a very liberal allowance for discount and advertisement.

An unprejudiced study of the art of hand printing would need to take into account conditions which, when they were not bad for one reason they might be for another, rendering it very difficult within recent times for any craftsman to steer a straight course. The art itself, so much obscured by ignorant opinion, and hardly, perhaps, understood when it was most discussed and most favoured by booksellers, stands in the way of sudden sensation. Not many of those who take up hand printing survive the crucial tests ; for they are compelled to accept the facts of personal workmanship with what those imply, or to temporize in order to conciliate uninformed opinion and meet the ordinary demand for good work which costs little. But although many have failed, they have been beaten by a task which has been made needlessly hard for them. If painters were swamped by a traffic in machine-made pictures, painted by steam, they might realize how many ways there are of misleading the public without actually allowing the difference between art and manufacture to be seen or appreciated. Yet the difference, when once it is understood, no longer

hinders art, nor does it suggest any element of competition. An excellent example of this is provided by wood engraving, an art which was whittled into contempt by commercial usage. The invention of the zinc process block gave all the facilities wanted for rapid and accurate work. Art was not the main object, and had been forgotten long since, but, contrary to popular belief and the solemn prognostications of newspaper critics, the art of the wood-cut did not perish, but regained its own soul, and even found a fresh use in commerce because of its superior clarity and depth.

Although it is a possession often envied by foreigners, there is actually some danger that long and persistent neglect may kill what is left of the craftsmanlike spirit in England. William Morris, like William Blake, had to fight the forces of reaction in his day; but he fought with a cheque book in one hand, and he did not work personally at the press for his living. Thus, although he could be a forerunner, he could not alter everyday conditions, nor educate artists in advance. The state of an art is not measured by those who can buy off their problems, but by those who solve them. The work may be a trifle more rough, more variable; it may bear evidence of having been difficult to accomplish, of being done in the open among other men—of being in fact normal, as all healthy art is. The point is that it must have the inventive vitality of an art, which is always something more than the smug mechanical perfectiveness of industrialized production.

The early masters of printing, unconscious of machinery, aimed, as craftsmen still do, to make their implement print correctly, their hands guiding each separate impression. Many still see in this simplest form of production that same charm and interest, unaffected by the noise and haste of machinery. But the hand press is capable of a great deal more, and is the focus of many interests. Possibly the tendency to delegate what is called the mechanical work—composition and press-work—and to subdivide the parts, a desire for speed, has developed the whole craft of printing in a lop-sided and illogical way. Men call themselves printers without the least warrant for so doing; for it would make no difference if they managed a brewery instead of a printing office. And even those with more pretensions have only a smattering, and could not set or print a page of type.



A modern craftsman has remarked that the most wonderful thing about manufacture is not the product but the machine. We are asked to marvel ; but may not comment upon the rushing stream of rubbish which flows from these marvellous inventions, speed and efficiency having robbed the press of its spirit. And so it must continue. On the other hand, the art which preserves what is manual and spiritual in one piece, will always remain very attractive to an artist. It will not be, as he is so often told, because he is more foolish or impractical. Those who keep a first-hand contact with any implement or material are bound to be the best judges of what is worth while and what is workable—their daily concern is with practical problems, as it is with personal skill. By his own taste and judgment must the printer interpret his design at the press, having first made it with a thought for the method he will use. Design will thus continually evolve fresh forms, and presswork be vitalized by the necessities of each new task.

With the employment of colour, the artist at the press may be said to come into his own ; and there is nothing he may not do when once he has put the old-fashioned bookman's liking for black and red into its place. The early printers were not so niggardly in their use of colour ; but a living tradition does not continually need to refer back or seek precedents. A book is an adventure in craftsmanship for those who have a grasp of the technique, and can make it expressive. The pity is that, in working with type, printers have so much dead-weight of custom to carry, and are so disinclined to depart from those recommendations about style which never appear so dull as when they are set forth in trade journals and text books. Modernism has at least broken the authority of the so-called Master Printer, that dear old fellow who can tell us how to do all the dullest things, but has no idea that Anno Domini has effected changes in men's minds.

The change which has taken place among hand printers has barely been noticed, though it is none the less profound and significant. Criticism, occupied with more obvious movements, has failed to note definite contributions to fundamental knowledge ; and the formation of trade groups, each one jealous and exclusive, has gone on rather with an eye to business than to matters essential to a progressive technique. Official recognition, usually trusted

as unbiased, has also shown a spirit of favouritism by laying all the emphasis upon trade production, to the exclusion of works of individual craftsmanship, thereby giving colour to the idea that, when the general level is improved, the underlying influence may be ignored. It is thus no uncommon thing to see modern fine printing represented in a public museum by English and foreign examples, not one of which is printed by hand, despite the fact that fresh departures in the art, not resembling any trade production, are available among books which are lodged by the law's requirements in the library. All these physical drawbacks notwithstanding, the spirit lives and the artist in books still finds a source of interest and invention in among the details of his work. One striking result of neglect is that he seeks less for clues which might render that work useful as a contribution to commercial improvement, and more for those which are peculiar to itself as a singular and unadaptable art. Although largely the result of unnecessary ill-treatment, this is perhaps the most valuable and significant change of attitude, from which much good may come; for unquestionably a distinct departure from the easy but unsound reasoning of those who see in art only the raw material of industrialism, must clarify the whole question as nothing else can. Art as the handmaiden first of this thing and then of that, has not sufficient freedom to be perfect of itself upon its own grounds. Any feeble dependence, therefore, upon commerce, or any desire to have the good which is ready-made for most people at the expense of what is in the first place essential to art and the artist, is a source of weakness. It is otherwise no longer possible to work on equal terms; but only to follow meekly some quasi-historical pedant who has no intimate artistic knowledge, or be employed by some well-known draper or furnisher whose motives do not need description. When the Art Workers' Guild began 20 years ago to admit men to its membership who were not art workers, it sowed the seeds of this confusion. Those plausible people have since then utilized all their powers to harness the authorities to their purposes; so that art in this country is directed into trade channels, under the pretext of it being a practical measure whereby talent, otherwise wasted in mere creation, shall be spent in the making of saleable goods.

The craftsman himself does not escape from the temptation to find an easy solution for his problems by delegating more

and more work and becoming less and less skilful with his hands : his hard choice is that he must take his art for better or worse, and let the business go for the dream. A fixed convention has it that management must not be called in question as a practical occupation. The arts, more brutal in their logic, decide that a man either is an artist or he is not ; they award him nothing for nothing. And possibly in the long run it may be found that conditions which we recognize as the only means whereby human skill can operate directly upon material without loss of spirit, are those which rule wherever material needs to reflect that spirit.

Meanwhile in frank and explicit opposition to mechanistic ideas, which are everywhere the prevailing fancy of art journalism, his greater intimacy with his implements and materials gives the book-artist the courage and right to assert that the art of hand printing was never fully developed, even by the early masters, who were hurried along by the ever-increasing demand for quantity. Their art was not improved : it was lost. It does not need to be recovered at a point in the past, by imitation of outward resemblances ; but can be advanced by a direct study at the press of interior construction, and can be reinforced by fresh departures, as indeed it already has been within recent years.

Those misguided authorities who get their learning of books from the library and attach too much importance to mechanical devices, are in reality the worst enemies of the book considered as a work of art ; for they see perfection only where expression has been eliminated. Their ideal page is that which they signify as a mirror, as though there were not a hundred different type-faces and the same number of opinions about their legibility. No single pattern will serve for all things, indeed, it is highly undesirable that one text should finally absorb literature, even on the merit of being clear to read.

At the same time it is not primarily the object of the modern hand printer to settle to the task of printing large masses of type in rectangular masses. He may well leave that to the machine ; for, as he avoids using machinery, he must also avoid making a machine of himself. His work is more modest in scale from its very nature ; more exacting, and more exact. He may suggest more in a small book than others do in a large tome or many volumes.

But better even than that, he may discover new ways of



gathering up into one piece the various implied relationships of type and decoration, and produce a new form in an art for which printers in general are only using ready-made and commonplace ideas without much curiosity. The harmonious combination of colour elements, the progressive use and play of colours in an edition, the almost endless succession of different effects which come within the hand printer's province, are more likely than not to stay there. But it is upon all these and more than these that he must base his present claims and advance into the future. Those who look at his work need not expect to find what they like, or what is regarded among regular bookmen as correct. They must remember, as he continually does, that this is not an old art, tamed into submission, but a new one about which we know very little.

That little, however, is the best clue we have had to a true revival since the early days of typography. Two principles are established: first that the method is sound, and second that construction is essential to proper expression. The talents which will appear through an acceptance of these principles may be as varied as they like, and indeed the more varied they are the better; for facts about composition, imposition, and press work call for much curiosity and trial before they will yield the fulness of beauty and intricacy.

FOUR POEMS BY NANCY CAMPBELL.

THE CHILD

I.

O God what pride and power  
Lie here wrapt in a shawl.  
For you, and such as you  
Ancestry laboured—

All its works and thoughts and arts  
Would have been worthless wanting you.

All our works and thoughts and arts  
Will pass, accepted or dismissed  
Before you.

Little and helpless, lying in my lap,  
You, and such as you, will take the world  
And twist it to a plan  
We never dreamed of—

The Kingdom of God is come a little nearer  
By your birth.

II.

Happy the house

That goes a tip-toe when the evening comes,  
And says "Hush, hush,  
"He sleeps."

Happy the house that may not lie too long  
Of mornings—

Little cries of hunger and of laughter  
Rousing it. Tiny imperious fingers  
Pushing up its eyes.

Happy that house—its heart is beating to the  
heart of earth  
The sap of earth is running in its veins.

III.

Now am I like the earth—

I can give food.

And you, my little son,  
Look to me only.

We are so little separate, you and I,  
Still your growth comes of me  
And my strength makes you strong.

Now am I like the earth  
I can give birth to flowers,  
And nourish them.

## VESPERAL

Under a moon as young as was the Spring,  
 Where tall trees grew,  
 I saw a flock of sheep move in the blue  
 And misty twilight, gathering and drifting  
 Quiet as dreams might,  
 Pale amber dreams in some quiet meadow of the night.

## FEBRUARY IMPRESSIONS

Spring is not born yet of Winter.  
 Brown trees, and tan grass-lands,  
 And the mountains sombre and brown.  
 The smoke straight and blue,  
 There's the smell of the turf from it.  
 From farm to farm the sound of cocks crowing  
 Or the cackle of a hen who has hid her smooth warm  
     egg in the hay.

## IN THE LONG TWILIGHT

In the long twilight of the April days  
 When down upon the empty mountain ways  
 Shines the young moon, and Venus that bright star,  
 The furze in the half light smoulders in gold ;  
 And where the grassy fields rise fold on fold  
 The cowslips stand in faint-lit companies,  
 And at the blackthorn roots the primroses,  
 Soft radiant faces, glimmer from afar.



# SOME NOTES ON RACINE

By T. B. Rudmose-Brown.

LET me say at once that I do not accept either the Mauriac version of a Racine who after adventures spiritual and moral (if morality has anything to do with religion) came back to the fold, or the Bremond version of a Racine who never strayed from the narrow path (even at Uzes!), or the Giraudoux version of a Racine entirely without extra-literary interests. Mauriac would see "émois religieux" everywhere: his work is a study of "crises": but Giraudoux is equally talking nonsense when he says: "jamais il ne s'est posé d'interrogation, je ne dis pas sur Dieu, mais sur un dogme." Giraudoux sacrifices truth to epigram. "Il se réconcilie, non avec Dieu, mais avec sa tante," is a good epigram, but doubly untrue. No, Racine was neither a "bon Catholique, croyant et pratiquant," as Bremond would have it, or a Catholic who accepted Catholicism because everybody did, and gave not another thought to it, as Giraudoux would have it. But still less was he the hero of a Mauriac novel: he had no "inquiétudes." When he made love to Duparc or Champmeslé he had no Baudelairian afterthought. He had a mind and used it, in a very modern way, like a freethinker of to-day, rather than like Desbarreaux who crowned a career of boastful impiety with the most Catholic of all sonnets!

Mauriac has the Catholic consciousness of sin. Racine had none. Phèdre alone among Racine's characters thinks she has sinned. There is nothing in the play (or in the Preface<sup>1</sup>) to suggest that Racine thinks so too. Phèdre is neurotic and Racine means us to recognise the fact. Hermione has no sense of sin, Athalie has none. Bérénice has none. Roxane has none. In that sense *Phèdre* is a study in Catholic neurosis as well as in heredity and its driving force, a psycho-pathological as well as a metaphysical tragedy, in which Racine is the precursor of Baudelaire.<sup>2</sup> Corneille is no doubt entirely Bremondian. But neither

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<sup>1</sup> The most famous phrase of the Preface suggests that Racine considered her faults insignificant ("les moindres fautes sévèrement punis."), and her punishment disparate.

<sup>2</sup> *Phèdre* is the most modern of Racine's plays. He not only develops the theory of determination from within by heredity of which *Andromaque* is the first draft, but he studies the problem of sin, and, unlike all other studies of sin before his day, he assumes that sin is subjective. Phèdre has not sinned. But she is obsessed by the sense of sin. She has the sin complex, hereditarily and inescapably. Her mother is Pasiphae, who lay with

he nor Racine ever believed (as Port Royal did) that, "L'homme de lettres, l'assassin et la fille de bordel" are on the same moral level. Mauriac is a great writer, perhaps the greatest alive to-day: but Racine was a greater, and greater, perhaps, among other reasons, because he had not the "sentiment du péché," and did not write and could not have written a "Souffrances du Chrétien."

Giraudoux is even more wrong-headed than Mauriac, and he is insincere also. His article on Racine must be original at all costs. It is merely epigrammatic and in all points, or very nearly all, wrong.

What could be more absurd than the suggestion that after his marriage, Racine found, in his literary offspring, "une part d'illégitimité qui devient insupportable et dont il rougit. Il n'aime-pas que ses enfants légitimes . . . . lui parlent de leurs sœurs bâtarde?"

I confess that I am rather attracted to the suggestion that Athalie is an aged and grey-haired Hermione or Bérénice. I like to think that Athalie, in her youth, felt and inspired passion. But it is not true that this is *the* important, or even *an* important, aspect of her character and her meaning.

The key to Racine's "Weltanschauung" is given by the cry of Oreste in *Andromaque*:

De quelque part sur moi que je tourne les yeux,  
Je ne vois que malheurs qui condamnent les Dieux.

The essential injustice of the ordinance of the world, that is his theme. All his plays develop it until, in *Athalie*, admitting reluctantly, like the "Shropshire Lad" the inevitability of injustice, he makes his heroine Athaliah, great and good, cry in her despair:

"Dieu des Juifs, tu l'emportes."

"Le sinistre Jahveh" sits behind all things, ordering them ill. His "inevitable embûche" is set and none can avoid it. Racine has failed to solve the problem of evil: he has noted it,

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the Bull, the supreme symbol of sexual incontinence. But her father is Minos who judges in Hades, the supreme symbol of inviolable justice without mercy. She is bound to love carnally and violently: equally bound to judge her love mercilessly. Phèdre inherits weakness of one sort and strength of another, while Oreste and Hermione inherited only weakness.

Were Phèdre not sprung of Minos, she, like Hermione, would have loved but not sinned, for sin is in the consciousness of sin.

and, despairingly, renounced all solution. But, like the Reason in the characters of his plays, he has not submitted. He goes down in contumacy. Fate—"les Dieux," if you like, Jahveh, if you prefer, the Force or Power behind things, has determined the lives of all, has sown in all the seed of ruin, and we go, good and bad alike, "empereur, pape, et roi" to irretrievable disaster. Racine's is, in fine, a godless universe, or at any rate, ruled only by the God of Huxley and Leconte de Lisle. Jansensism transferred to this world, for of the next he had no care, that is his doctrine. He accepts it as true, and condemns it as unjust. But, unlike Leconte de Lisle's Cain, he sees no happier future of revolt when "ne sachant plus ton nom" man will take his revenge of ultimate happiness.

In most of his plays, carnal passion—Venus tout entière à sa proie attachée—plays the part of the compelling force. In that sense Racine wrote for La Champmesle, or rather wrote out of his passion for her. In *Bérénice* Rome—the Court of Louis XIV.—is the vehicle of destiny. In his last and greatest play, not a Sunday School piece, innocuous enough for the "enfants de Marie," the force driving Athalie to destruction is not passion but love—love in the highest and Christian sense, her instinctive, maternal (or grandmaternal) love for the boy Eliacin, whom she hesitates to kill. *Andromaque*, *Bérénice*, *Phèdre*, *Athalie*, are the greatest of Racine's plays. It is by them he will live for ever. *Iphigénie* is frankly bad. The others, good as they are, have less interest than the four masterpieces. They do not belong to the "série terrible" (I use Giraudoux's phrase but not in his acceptation). These four pieces are in singleness of conception, in ruthlessness of execution, in power and beauty of expression, in knowledge of the depths of the mind, the greatest of all French plays, and perhaps the greatest of all plays. Only, I think, Dante and Proust can stand beside Racine: perhaps Baudelaire.<sup>1</sup>

A great deal has been made of the "Cas Racine." Racine's silence after *Phèdre*, broken only, after a long time, by his two Biblical plays, has been diversely interpreted. I doubt not that, in this point, Giraudoux is partly right. Racine was the

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<sup>1</sup> And, I think, Aubanel, the greatest Provençal lyric poet. He has not, of course, the sureness of Mistral, but he has not either Mistral's irritating composure and occasional jargoniness and naïvety.



servant of a Court, and "une coalition de préjugés, d'amis, d'ennemis, de devoirs et de reponsabilités" gave him no time to write—no inclination, Giraudoux would add. I cannot accept the addendum. The artist remained, dormant if you like. But he did not commit suicide. Giraudoux finds *Athalie* a pastiche by Racine—artistically dead—of Racine the artist, a mere copy. It is impossible for me to agree. How long Racine meditated his masterpiece, why he put off its execution so long, it is difficult to say. After all, it needed courage, and Racine might well long hesitate, to challenge the Faith of his time and expose himself to the rack, the wheel and the stake. The play is explicit: but the choruses intervening between the Acts, by their obvious piety, directed attention away from the iconoclasm of the play itself, and by their truculent Jansenism, made Racine appear not an enemy of Catholicism but of the Jesuits only. Besides, had not the girls of Saint-Cyr performed the play? *Esther* may be dismissed. It was written for the school-girls. So, ostensibly was *Athalie*. Racine saw his chance and took it. It is not, in any sense other than the merely external, a biblical play. It goes far beyond what "la veuve Scarron" saw in it, far over the heads of the "pensionnaires" for whom he wrote it at her request. I will not say that he wrote it with his tongue in his cheek. He may have done so. He may, on the other hand, even have started out to write the "chef d'œuvre de l'esprit humain" as an edifying Bible play with (as has been said) God for the hero. But he could not be other than himself. The meditations of fourteen years, the project half-confessed only even to himself perhaps, took shape, and *Athalie* turned out far different from anything that Louis Racine (who for centuries ruined his father's reputation) or the Abbé Bremond could (if they had understood it) approve—an indictment of the God of Port-Royal, an indictment of God "tout court," a profession of atheism (for you cannot postulate an evil God, or be the enemy of God). There is no "cas Racine." There is no break between *Phèdre* and *Athalie*, only a lapse of time and a development. Racine had meditated for many years the problem of evil: as historiographer royal he had considered also the secular government of the world. *Athalie* is like *Phèdre*, a study of "une juste a qui la grâce (of this world) a manqué." It is also, like *Bérénice* a political study. *Phèdre* falls because she is doomed by her heredity, symbolized by her descent from

Pasiphae—was not the Minotaur her half-brother?—to overwhelming passion. Athalie falls because she cannot overcome her inborn maternal affection. Unlike Phèdre she is as faultless, and knows herself as faultless, as it is given to be : but she is doomed none the less. Phèdre falls because she is guilty, or at least imagines herself to be guilty (we need suppose no more) ; Athalie falls because she is innocent. If Athalie had been the Athaliah of the Bible, worthy daughter of Jezebel, she would not have fallen.

*Berenice* is Racine's *Horace* : he studies the conflict of love and patriotism. Corneille had, of course, concluded in favour of patriotism. He loved swash-buckling imperialism. Racine does not conclude ; he notes, but he notes with regret, unsympathetically, the cruelty of patriotism. *Bérénice* is a victim of Rome, of the burden of prejudice and tyranny of which Roman law and custom is composed. She is crushed by the *Raison d'Etat*. Titus is its victim no less than she, but, while to her the crushing force of Rome is external, to him it is internal. He *is* Rome, and cannot evade his fate, which he carries within him. Athalie is the victim of Judaic priestcraft, of the theocratic idea of priestly insolence, for ever raising its head, as in Malta or in Ireland, usurping or attempting to usurp the civil power and override or control the State. Prejudice and tyranny again. Dante is Racine's predecessor. Athalie is the victim of the Hebraic conception of government, as Titus and *Bérénice* of the Roman. Surely too, the growing clericalism of Louis XIV's government under the dominion of the "prude et bégueule" Madame de Maintenon had something to do with Racine's choice of subject.

There is this to be noted, however. Athalie is not, in the same sense as Phèdre or Hermione, a victim of her heredity ; she does not fall because she comes of a bad stock ; that she is the daughter of Jezebel in no wise influences her to her disaster. Had she been more her mother's daughter, she would have lived to reign wisely and justly. Racine has thus far abandoned the theme of his earlier series of plays : but he has abandoned it only to make his thesis more convincing, the fatuity of the world's ordinance more evident. It is, I think, a weakness. *Athalie* is, as a philosophic play, less appallingly modern than *Phèdre* ; although as a political play, it redeems any weakness it may have on the philosophic side. *Bérénice* too is non-Racinian, in the

philosophic sense: she, too, is the victim of forces external to herself, but she too is faultless, and loses notwithstanding her innocence. Titus belongs to the true Racinian type.

I do not attempt to deny that Racine, throughout his life, and more particularly after *Phèdre*, took the side of the Jansenists against the Jesuits, and suffered, perhaps, for it. He might, of course, do this without accepting in his "for interieur," in the intimate recesses of his consciousness, the cruel conception of Divine Providence held by Port-Royal. But in a sense he did accept it. It was this conception which, transferred from the next world to this world (Racine has no interest in the next) is at the bottom of his conception of a world so ordered that injustice is always done. Yes, he is a Jansenist in this sense. He is an Atheist, his gods are but symbols. But the Jansenist theology, transferred from the next world to this, sums up adequately his conception of the universe. Predestination, fate, heredity, what you will: no freedom, no hope, only the watching and impotent reason is free—free to look on, almost mockingly and register, the "descensum Averni." Oreste and Hermione and Pyrrhus, *Phèdre*, despite the white light of her pure soul, *Athalie* great and good, must ineluctably be driven to ruin and death. But they see the road they are going. Lovers can never be joined. But they know it. *Bérénice* must lose her Titus. Oreste must love Hermione in vain, *Phèdre* must love Hippolyte in vain. But they know it is in vain—"en pure perte." *Athalie* must be trapped, dethroned and slain. But she knows it. Racine saw a world without hope, injustice for ever done, achievement shattered in its essence. More even than Leopardi, he is the supreme pessimist, without a belief in a God, for his God, whether called God or the Gods, is the God of biological science, the force behind the cell. Our inheritance of qualities and taints from which there is no escape, shapes, despite us, our lives, and drives us to ruin and despair. Vigny, when all else failed, believed in the mind of man. And only Oreste, of all Racine's characters, loses the clarity of his mind. They have all seen and understood. Seen the vision of immortal beauty, understood that it can never be realized, save for that brief moment of vision, within the mind itself.

Compared to Racine, Shakespeare is superficial and romantic. The classical formula found its supreme achievement and ultimate



expression in Racine's work. Nothing further was possible with a terrifyingly simple plot and an appallingly profound psychology: later formulae attempted to complicate the plot and dispense with psychology, or to substitute for it a merely external semblance of psychology. A sentimentalized psychology and a romantic plot achieved nothing—at least nothing of artistic significance. Hugo it is true rewrote Corneille in the light of Napoleon's escapades. Is not Napoleon himself Don Carlos revised by Hugo? Is not Hernani, is not Ruy Blas Napoleon himself, that mere external semblance of a man? Shakespeare came before Racine, but Racine had never heard of him, still less read him. He would have had small patience with his universality. What indeed, is Shakespeare's universality but a capacity for acceptance, an incapacity for choice? Shakespeare had no point of view. Like Hugo, he was an "echo sonore"—a very great poet, no doubt, of the florid and precious type, but not a dramatist in the Greek sense, the best sense, not a psychologist. His puppets talk and act as if they were moved by profound springs of conduct: but they are not so moved, they are but the pieces of coloured glass of a kaleidoscope held in the writer's hand. Racine has a point of view: he knows exactly what he wishes to say, exactly what is the motive, however obscure, of his characters. Never did dramatist probe more deeply into the obscurest springs of action, never lighted more dazzlingly the dark spaces of the sub-conscious. There is nothing in the most "modern" of modern novels (save the needless obscenity) which is not said a thousand times better by Racine. If anyone since Dante ever outtopped knowledge it is not Shakespeare, but Racine, the Dante of French literature and Dante's peer.

The supreme and flawless perfection of Racine's style, too, is Dantesque. Not a word too much. Every word counts. To interpret Racine requires the elucidation of the exact meaning of every word in every line. A vague summary is futile, since to Racine nothing was vague, everything clear and precise. He writes with the utmost concision, because he thinks with the utmost clarity. Here, if ever, is the "mot propre." He can use the simplest, the most ordinary words, to produce the most astounding effect, he needs no purple passages, no flummery or trappings or lyric ecstasy—his thought and his music produce an effect of lyricism greater than Shakespeare's or Shelley's,

infinitely greater than Hugo's, although the actual words taken separately be those of an everyday salutation or ordinary conversation. The music of Racine's verse is incomparable, the outward and inevitable expression of an inner light of understanding and vision that has its equal only in Dante's. The two names occur together to the mind over and over again, as those of the greatest masters of artistic expression that have ever been known, as those of, in the truest sense, the greatest thinkers who have ever used the artistic mode of expression. If the French seventeenth century, though dominated (as by a jest of the Gods) by the vacuous clothes-horse Louis XIV—"Celui qui règne a Versailles"—as in his stupid arrogance and blasphemy he called himself, had produced no writer but Racine, had produced nothing in any field but Racine, it would still rightly be ranked as the supreme century of French achievement, and France rightly take her place, with Florence, as the co-mistress of the world of art and thought.

Round Racine is a galaxy, dim (save perhaps Girardon !) by comparison with him, but great if we compare it with the belauded period of Romanticism—Molière, La Fontaine, La Rochefoucauld, Bossuet are not little men, even if La Bruyère and Corneille are. And Girardon is not the only plastic artist of a time which produced Claude Gellée and Nicolas Poussin. But Racine outtops them all. To him as yet justice has never been done, even in France : in England even Lytton Strachey has failed to praise him adequately or to understand him rightly, while Mathew Arnold's pompous imbecility in his judgment of him was unworthy of the great poet of *Dover Beach*, one of the greatest poems in English. He of all men should have understood. He looked at Racine, not directly, as he should, but through the puerilities of school interpretation and the "pullulement" of Campistrans, Pradons—and Voltaires ! I should think my life not wasted if I could hope to induce half-a-dozen of my students to read Racine as he should be read, to approach him, not as one approaches a text or a task but as one draws near, in trembling ecstasy and reverence, to the innermost temple of a God. In his work breathes, as nowhere else in French, to any thing like the same extent, the awful presence of the divine, terrible and beautiful, calling to itself insistently those who dare like Francis Thompson or Coventry Patmore dared, to cross the

mere of sighs and face, with fortitude and reverence, the everlasting God!

Dante and Racine knew that if God is Love, Love is not the blush of a June hedge of roses or the peace of a twilit cowslip field, but is bitter and desperate sorrow and passion and pain, and that the Crown of Thorns and the Tree of Golgotha are more adequate symbols than Venus Anadyomene risen from the foam of the sunlit Greek Isles!<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Only in *Athalie* and *Bérénice* is there love, as distinguished from physical passion. But in *Athalie*, as my friend Mr. S. B. Beckett has pointed out, the attitude of Athalie towards Eliacin is fundamentally similar to that of Phèdre towards Hippolyte, the pagan stasis before beauty. And in *Phèdre* physical passion is transmuted by intensity of pain almost into the Christian passion of spiritual love. In any case what matters is not the object of the passion, but the subject. Phèdre, or even Hermione or Roxane, seeking the assuagement of physical desire, felt, or may have felt, as intensely and as painfully (and similarly not only in degree but in kind) as Bérénice, inspired in the end, though not at first, by the purest self-sacrificing love.



## LITERATURE IN FRANCE

The *Tauroguéniev* by M. André Maurois which has just been published will be read with pleasure by the numerous admirers of this biographer. All his qualities and defects as they were manifested in his *Lives* of Shelley, Byron, Disraeli, and his shorter studies of Lytton and Wilde, are to be found in his latest production. His choice of the picturesque episode which tells, as a heightened scene tells in a melodrama or film, and his suppression, very arbitrary sometimes, of what does not fit into his picture, remain characteristic of his method. He might reply that in what he calls in his Preface a "sketch" the writer is obliged to leave things out. No doubt; but some things should not be left out, and some of these indispensable things M. Maurois does leave out to the great detriment of his book in the eyes of those who know something about Turguenev as an account of that man. Turguenev's relations with Madame Viardot and the Viardot family are treated cautiously and superficially; his relations with Dostoevsky are not treated at all.

M. Maurois evidently had his audience very much before him. His book is presented as a series of lectures given at *Les Annales*. *Les Annales* is a fashionable lecture-club where various gentlemen and ladies of deserved, or, at all events, of attained renown, are called upon to pronounce during winter afternoons discourses on a great variety of subjects before audiences made up largely of upper-school-girls attended by their mothers or governesses, with a good sprinkling of mature ladies, and a few gentlemen in the same category, obviously labouring under the disadvantage of having nothing else to do wherewithal to pass away the time between lunch and dinner. It is plain that before such a gathering all truths are not good to say. But M. Maurois must have revised his book. He throws into a short note, which was surely not spoken, a rather interesting contribution to the Turguenev-Viardot connexion. Yet it is evident that he had his eye on an audience far larger than *Les Annales*, but essentially of the same kind. Otherwise it is hard to think why he should have dealt so slightly and evasively with what came to be really the central fact of Turguenev's life. He had most of the elements under his hand in Professor Haumant's book, drawn *first-hand* from Russian sources. It is true that in another book now very rare—M. Maurois does not cite it among his authorities—the reminiscences of Isaac Povolovsky, a Russian refugee who saw Turguenev continually in his last years in Paris, Pauline Viardot is mentioned only in passing, although Povolovsky when he went to see Turguenev had to go to her house in the rue de Douai. But his book was written while Pauline was still alive, and she was not easy to deal with. M. Maurois, who has not to dread Pauline's rage and heavy hand, is quite as circumspect. He lets it be supposed, for instance, that Turguenev's difficulties with his mother about money occurred *after* his return to Russia from France where he had spent some years for the sake of Pauline; but it is quite well known that he was practically without money in those years, and that Pauline, who was then at the height of her fame as a singer, put him up at her house in the country.

That is surely to the credit of Pauline, who does not seem to have been, all things considered, altogether amiable. In his text, apart from the note just mentioned, M. Maurois would have it that Turguenev's strange devotion to Pauline was but a sentimental pilgrimage. When he first-knew her he had sat on one of the claws of the tiger-skin rug on the floor of her dressing-room in the

opera-house at Saint-Petersburg, the other claws being kept down by two officers and a judge. M. Maurois gives the impression that all his life he was sitting on one of the claws. But there must have been some profound hold between them to cause a man even so dependent on other people as Turguenev to cling to her so abjectly over a long course of years and support the snubs and flouts he had to endure—painful scenes, noted by Russian visitors in Paris and Baden, to which the discreet M. Maurois makes no allusion. And yet that, apart from his books, is all that Turguenev's life amounts to ; there, rightly seen, is the drama to bring out, the tragedy. Talk not of avoiding *mesquineries*, of noting littlenesses : here, if you can but see it, these things make the building—yea, the very foundation stones, whether polite audiences like it or not.

"If they went to Australia to-morrow I would follow them," said Turguenev. He said "they," but he certainly did not mean *Monsieur Viardot*. He meant the aging singer who had become a habit, and the young society he found in her house. He clung to her as a man without a hearth clings to a woman who gives him the semblance of home. He complained of loneliness, and his Russian friends in France thought him lonely and pitiable ; but he himself knew well that without the Viardots it would have been the much harder loneliness of the hotel or the furnished lodging. His case was in a measure Chopin's at Nohant with George Sand and her family, with the difference that Turguenev had money, which is why perhaps he did not find himself one morning like Chopin out on the road with his trunk. But it is hard to say : Pauline gave little clue to her feelings ; she safe-guarded the respectabilities with Monsieur Viardot. M. Maurois calls her "a mysterious woman," and he adds with insight that she only "loved in music,"—that is to say, those who were musicians on the same plane as herself—not mere amateurs like Turguenev, but practical musicians. He quotes from a letter which she wrote to one such friend, a German orchestra-leader, in which she says she is on a journey and implies that she is glad to escape for some time both from her husband and Turguenev. She adds with the emphasis of her Spanish origin : "Without divine friendship I should have been dead long ago." Dead of her husband and the other ? That is rather comical, where nobody expected to find the comic. A point worth noting is that it has never entered into anyone's head in Russia or elsewhere to write of the "beautiful love" between Turguenev and Pauline Viardot. It lasted too long, the connexion if not the love, and there were too many gross elements mixed in it. Further, as she ruthlessly destroyed after his death all his letters and papers except what it suited her to preserve, the aspect of the situation will never be known except by hearsay from onlookers.

As for the relations of Turguenev and Dostoevsky, the large audience which M. Maurois controls, not only the audience of *Les Annales* and its tributaries, but that essentially alike in the British Isles and across the Atlantic, had in this case more closely to be considered. For here we are at the dark caverns of the human soul, mephitic and dismaying, by no means subject for an afternoon's talk to girls and portly matrons who listen to M. Maurois and read his books because they are sure he is a *nice* writer. Between the two Russians it was not simply a question of money borrowed and not repaid. M. Maurois, who seems to have learnt a good deal about his subject, may know the other side of the matter, which is not however well known.

One day Dostoevsky came to Turguenev's house in Baden, and after closing the door of the room carefully proceeded to accuse himself of a crime belonging to his past years in Russia. Turguenev listened with evident disgust, and at the end he said: "If you are not a madman, and if what you have said is true, you are an abominable character—a very bad man." Thereupon Dostoevsky rose in fury. "There are no words," he shouted, "to express how much I despise you. Henceforth I put the sign of the Cross between me and you." And with that he departed, slamming the door.

It has been said that Turguenev had become too "occidentalized" to understand Dostoevsky in this case, that he could no longer realize the Slav need of confession, and conviction that with confession should go forgiveness. But this is not so certain: on other occasions in Paris Turguenev showed that he understood his compatriots quite well. Dostoevsky's confession was of such a nature that numbers of Russians of the same class and education as Turguenev would have taken the matter as he did. "Why," they would have asked themselves, as Turguenev no doubt did, "does this man who is not a friend of mine, a mere acquaintance, a broken-down writer in a foreign land, almost an outcast, not admitted anywhere, threatened with expulsion from the gambling-rooms, seek *me* out to make me his accomplice in a heinous crime?"

All who have read "the Demoniacs" (or whatever it is called in English) know the revenge which Dostoevsky took. In some of his letters too he dealt with Turguenev. He wrote in one of them: "I spit on the lot. And of all the worn-out Russian writers Turguenev is the most worn-out." On the other side, Turguenev, when he read in Paris of the funeral of Dostoevsky, remarked to Isaac Povolovsky: "Our people are sometimes quite mad. Here they are treating Dostoevsky as a saint. A fine saint he was! If he was a saint, so was the Marquis de Sade."

For all that, Dostoevsky was probably a saint for all those who know of what saintliness really consists. Not in saying long prayers, etc. (see the Gospel). Such an unmitigated hell was the life of Dostoevsky, so bravely was it borne, so essential was his holiness, a man of many sorrows and acquainted with grief, that the instinct of the Russian populace calling him a saint as his hearse passed in the streets was perhaps the sentence of God.

The two last chapters of M. Maurois' book, which purport to be an examination of Turguenev's art, are below the rest of the book, and in fact very feeble. They are filled with the commonplaces which delight audiences, book-clubs, and kindred organizations—such as, that what is dramatic in real life is not in a novel or play unless transposed by art. Long before Turguenev it was known even in Russia that certain antinomies are required in art: reality must pass through the imagination, nature must be arranged to seem natural. In another place, the author flots out the antiquated proposition that art has nothing to do with morals—which is extremely questionable, as Ruskin and other great men have demonstrated. He ekes out these chapters with long quotations from others, and so flabby is his own contribution that the quotations strike the reader with the freshness and strength of a gale from the sea, particularly two admirable pages taken from Paul Bourget, who knew Turguenev. M. Maurois is writing too much.

Still, such as the book is, it will, seeing the renown of its author in Europe



and America, have the good effect of turning the attention of a number of people to Turguenev who has lain in limbo these many years. This summer, inspired by André Maurois, American college boys and girls, passengers on transatlantic steamers, guests in English country-houses, will be reading "Lisa," "Fathers and Children," "Sportsman's Tales," and the others which have been waiting so long rather pathetically for their turn, and in France have been so neglected that they have mostly dropped out of print. Even the Russians, for whom Turguenev was practically a dead letter long before the Revolution, may now return to him with tears since the famous André Maurois has thought it worth while to publish a whole book about him. He who writes these lines has often said to Russians that a revival of Turguenev was due and coming. M. Maurois' volume is a sign that this prediction was not so far out, for he knows how the wind is blowing.

Although, to say the truth, Turguenev upon a re-reading seems a little pale. What seems to be the matter with most of his novels is that he regarded them as novels. In one of them, I think it is in "Smoke," he actually interrupts a scene by a footnote which in effect asks the reader to bear in mind that it is only a scene is a novel. Such a break is fatal to the illusion required; you don't recover for the rest of the book. In the great novels of Dostoevsky, however fever-stricken, however far-fetched and removed from the ordinary processes of human nature, you never doubt for a moment that what he tells did actually happen in the way he tells it. So with Tolstoy and with Gogol, with Gorky too; so with *Manon Lescaut*, with the best of Balzac, with Defoe, with Fielding. Turguenev, for all that he had pondered upon the art of the novel much more than some of the novelists just mentioned, was affected by the quaint practices of his time in England and Germany as they prevailed among all but the best writers. All his novels end with a chapter which might be entitled, as it was generally by the Victorians,—“After Many Years.” “And now, dear readers, who have followed the course of this story, you will want to know the later fortunes,” etc. For something of this kind he was sharply taken to task in a private letter by a young Russian critic named Pissarev. M. Maurois puts Turguenev as a novelist above Flaubert. That is hard to sustain, and M. Maurois certainly advances nothing to prove it. *Madame Bovary* remains a type of woman as *Hamlet* is a type of man. Turguenev never did anything of that kind except the student Bazarov, and Bazarov was only typical for Russia and for the time the book was written: twenty years later he signified nothing. It is strange that M. Maurois should neglect utterly “Spring Fountains,” the novel in which Turguenev did really place a typical Russian woman—indeed, the most typical representative of her kind among all the Russian novels. The type, that of the enormously rich middle-class Russian woman, very handsome, sensual, and with a keen eye to business, has disappeared since the Revolution; but before that time she might be met with not only in Russia but in all the fashionable resorts in Europe, renting whole floors in expensive hotels and trailing after her a ship's company of servants. Turguenev never equalled that strong and vivid portrait.

What tells most against his novels is the monotony of design, and there is much to be said for the opinion of those Russians who esteem that his tales are what he did best. In his novels, the stratum is pretty much the same always.

Upon that he places an extraneous addition of social criticism, applicable strictly to the Russia of his time, which differs from book to book but which always looks extraneous. This social criticism, mild as it appears to-day and even in comparison with what was written by certain Russians in Turguenov's own time, had some resonance in Russia, though not for long. He was always being taken up for a little and then dropped for long spells by the young generations, whom he courted too assiduously, instead of "spitting on the lot," like Dostoevsky. His books hardly came within the canon of revolutionary literature in ante-Bolchevist Russia; but such as they were they gave him some bad moments. He was one of those timid men whose thought is bolder than their physical organization, and when he had published a book he lived some months in anxiety as to what would happen to him. The Tzar's police had certainly no sense of moral responsibility equivalent to their power over human life and liberty; but that, after all, is, and has always been, a defect of the police everywhere, and no one can maintain that the police treated Turguenov badly. His recurring panics about the confiscation of his property were the effect of his imagination; it does not seem ever to have been seriously meditated in official quarters. His anxiety at such moments was perhaps worked up by the Viardots, who were at his elbow to keep him in mind of the inconveniences for all parties of loss of fortune. In Pauline's youthful days one of her "divine friends" had been George Sand, and this gave her plenty of material to comment on the drawbacks of having a man dwelling under the same roof who in addition to native weakness of will was weak financially; for George Sand, prompted by her generous and maternal instincts, always seemed to choose men who had need of her to lift them up from despondency, to "save" them, like a Wagnerian heroine. Pauline did not admire Wagner.

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It may be taken for granted that all those familiar with modern French poetry will acknowledge their interest in being told of a recently published book on Francis Vielé-Griffin by the Vicomte Jean de Cours.<sup>1</sup> To suppose a reader of French thoroughly indifferent to Vielé-Griffin is to suppose one thoroughly out of count with all the later movements in French poetry. On this principle no apology need be made to any such reader, whether a dweller in Connemara, Bermondsey, Los Angeles, or other centres of culture, for bringing his attention to bear on M. de Cours' volume, although this is not throughout what is called light reading. It runs to some 240 large pages and many of these pages are devoted to an examination of the technique of verse which would have given pause to Edgar Allan Poe himself, who, as everybody knows, liked to discourse lengthily on this subject.

But, after all, such matter is to be expected in a book on Vielé-Griffin and is even imposed by the subject, for this poet is really an innovator. "It is not too much to say that Francis Vielé-Griffin has rejuvenated—nay, altogether renewed French lyrical poetry," declares M. de Cours (page 143)<sup>2</sup> Indeed, most

<sup>1</sup> *Francis Vielé-Griffin : Son Oeuvre, sa Pensée, Son Art*, by Jean de Cours. (Paris : 1930).

<sup>2</sup> Remy de Gourmont wrote likewise : "Griffin has brought something new into French poetry."

of the latest developments as exhibited by Apollinaire, Réverdy, and even Jean Cocteau, may be found in germ in the poetry of Griffin. And if you put the poetry of Griffin beside the romantico-classical poetry of Mme. de Noailles, his only living rival in amplitude and *sustained* poetic inspiration, it is Griffin who seems the more modern as to form, and often as to ideas, though Mme. de Noailles sometimes writes about aeroplanes and motor-cars and Griffin, so far as I know, does not.

Vielé-Griffin is no doubt the one great French poet actually in practice, in the sense that we take Victor Hugo and Browning to be great poets. The charms and agonies of life invariably present themselves to him, as to them, in the form of poetry. He has never published any book of prose. Of what another kind of organization would make a novel or (God help us!) a "romanced" biography, he makes a poem—stripping away the dross of the subject, revealing the poetry which lies therein. Not otherwise did Browning, who had not however at his command the unfailing style and technique of the French poet.

If we search another poet in France to-day with the same wide beat of wings, we shall not find one such among men. It is to women we must look—to that Countess de Noailles, already mentioned, who is of foreign origin like Griffin himself, and to another woman who is happily a hundred-per-cent. French, Lucie Delarue-Mardrus. Certainly, there are Francis Jammes, Valéry, Henri de Régnier, Fagus, some others; but here it is not excellence of detached pieces or of a single book which is meant, but rather the volume and dynamic of a large poetic work extending over several years and shewing great variety.

An example of this variety may be found in the latest instalment of the Collected Works of Vielé-Griffin which the Mercure de France is publishing in a very attractive form: *La Lumière de Grèce*, six plays founded on the Greek myths, everywhere full of beautiful poetry. "And one who has examined will be able to say if I have transgressed the laws of proportion"—such is the motto chosen from Pindar which the poet has put on the cover of his book. The way to realize how perfectly the laws of proportion have been observed, even as in the architecture of a Greek temple, would be to play one of these plays in an open-air theatre.

It is the beauty, perfection, rareness of a work which makes it art: to that barbarians bring in the factors of labour and profit.

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There may be some readers of this magazine who are interested in the Catholic writer Léon Bloy, one of the masters of a certain kind of French prose—that romantic prose which began with Chateaubriand and reached its culminating point precisely in Bloy. You may not like his prose, as you may not like the prose of Carlyle and Ruskin. Like them, he is often too loud and oral, but also like them a master in his own way who can dignify even the most low-brow stuff by control of his vehicle.

However may be esteemed the worth of Bloy's contribution to the wisdom and pleasure of humanity, there is no denying that enemies as well as friends keep him in mind. Since his death in 1917 a number of books and a great quantity of magazine and newspaper articles devoted to Bloy and his manners and methods have been published. Among the most recent, the pages which André Billy has



written about Bloy in his interesting book on the pamphleteers of the nineteenth century (*Les Ecrivains de Combat*) should be mentioned as the report of a fair-minded man whose opinion is hostile. Against this may be set two books of pure eulogy which have appeared within the last few months. One of these, *L'Ame de Léon Bloy*, by Hubert Colleye, is published by the well-known Catholic Belgian firm, Desclée and Brouwer, and is written to shew that Bloy is always in line with the teachings of the Church. But Bloy's enemies, lay or clerical, have never accused him of heresy: it is not lack of faith they charge him with, but lack of charity. The second book is a posthumous work by Pierre Termier, a biologist, who was converted to Catholicism by Bloy. Coming from a man who was really distinguished in his own branch of learning it is disappointing, because the author, abandoning his usual precise methods of statement, adopts the apocalyptic style of his master in the spiritual life, which does not suit him at all or enable him to convey anything new. Its interest lies in shewing how a man trained to deal with facts yielded to the spell of one who took no account of facts established by human intelligence.

Whatever the value of Léon Bloy as a writer, his case as a man, which has used up so much ink, is quite simple. There was just one thing in this world that he could do—write. He chose to do the thing he could do best, although he could not get a living by it. He is reproached for that by a number of people who seem to think that he could as easily have been a ladies' barber or a tailor, and that in fact he *ought* to have been something of the kind instead of living on other people. But the truth is that Bloy could *not* do anything else than what he did do. For him the grim alternative to starvation was to appeal to those interested in him as a writer. Perhaps he received thus six or seven hundred pounds in the course of his life. Divide that among ten or twelve donors and it is not a huge price to pay for a man like Bloy, who ought to be considered at least worth the price of a prize dog. However, it is not the people who gave to Bloy who condemn him; as with M. Termier, they don't even mention their largesses, such as they were; it was Bloy himself who made them known. The people who squeal loudest against this great and unfortunate artist are those who always refused to give him a penny, and would never have given him a penny—no, not if they had seen him drop down in the street from the weakness of hunger.

VINCENT O'SULLIVAN.

The Provençal newspaper OC has ceased to appear since the April issue. This is very much to be regretted, especially in the year of Mistral's centenary. There is an avalanche of books, in French, on Mistral, but I have heard of none in Provençal, and I am still looking for a book which does not attempt to prove that Mistral was a . . . West Briton, or rather South-Frenchman. Of course he was not—that is why, among other reasons, I want to see a book in Provençal. Lasserre, Thibaudet, Marcel Coulon, among others have written bulky volumes on the greatest poet of the nineteenth century—or at least the equal of Carducci and Hugo. Baudelaire is of course in a class apart, "hors de concours," as the advertisements say. M. M. Plon-Nourrit have published a French translation of *Point Counterpoint*. On the continent Aldous Huxley is considered to be a writer of importance and this novel an epoch-making work, while, in Ireland, of course, it is dubbed obscene, and banned.

The publishing firm *Les Revues* announces a French translation of another banned book, this time in the domain of social philosophy, Bertrand (now Earl) Russell's *Marriage and Morals*, which even the *Spectator* called an "event." Earl Russell's good faith and high purpose are indisputable, and, for those of us who remember his noble and disinterested stand during the European War, or who have read his earlier works, it is nothing short of a scandal that he should be included by the Minister of Justice among writers of pornography! The French are wiser than we are.

I wish to speak of a remarkable and quite orthodox Catholic book which has recently been brought to my notice, *Le Prieur de Prouille*, by Dr. Henri Duclos, an authority on Tchekhof and a practising physician. Here we have a life of Saint Dominick and an account of the Albigensian Crusade written with real mastery and in a style, full of colour and vigour, as far removed as can be from the namby-pamby stickiness usually considered good enough for lives of saints or for "bien pensant" literature in general. (There are of course other notable exceptions like M. Louis Pize's life of Saint François Régis).

It is a most interesting book. Nominally the life of St. Dominick, it is really the story of his reactions to the Albigensian Crusade. The story of the Crusade has often been told, but rarely from the Catholic standpoint and never with such power of evocation. The "Montagne Noire," the centre of the Faith of the *Cathares*, and the chief field of St. Dominick's work, lives as if it were before our eyes. I cannot accept M. Duclos's fundamental tenets. I do not think that the Earl of Leicester was the "Scourge of God." I see in him only a rapacious, brutal and cruel petty baron with military gifts and a talent for government, and in Amalric, Archbishop of Narbonne, I see merely the clerical counterpart of the Earl of Leicester, but without his ability. M. Duclos likes them—St. Dominick liked them—as little as I do: but he, like St. Dominick, accepts their divine mission to purge Languedoc. However, M. Duclos tells his story with complete fairness; indeed he is even fairer to the *Cathares* than many an anti-clerical historian. Even Luchaire's severely scientific account needs the corrective of a little sympathy. No serious historian has ever attempted to defend the treacherous and pusillanimous Counts of Toulouse. Estieu's attack on Raymond VII is well known to readers of modern Provençal poetry. He and his father were the chief instruments of the ruin of their country. Had the emissaries of Innocent III, and later Louis VIII had to deal with the virile dynasty of Béziers, the upshot might have been very different. The Counts of Provence, too, were traitors to the Southern cause, although the Republic of Marseilles stood firm.

The Counts of Toulouse were the most important of the independent sovereigns of the South; only the Dukes of Aquitaine—*i.e.*, the Angevin Kings of England—and the Counts of Provence could vie with them. Raymond VI as Count of Toulouse, Marquis of Gothia (or Septimania) and Marquis of Provence, held directly or indirectly a territory stretching from Guyenne to the Rhone, and to the East of the Rhone the Comtat Venaissin, the Diois and the Valentinois, to the North of the dominions of the Counts of Provence. Half of Avignon was in theory his: but Avignon was actually independent, like so many of the free towns of Provence. This noble kingdom was during the thirty years that followed the decisive battle of Muret (1213) added piecemeal to the French Crown.

The "Parfaits" cathares taught that, for the generality of men, "hors les péchés de tête et de coeur, rien n'est péché," the satisfactions of the senses are ethically indifferent. "Les pourceaux dans la vase des évièrs, sont-ce des pécheurs?" But the "parfaits" sought salvation for themselves and the generality in the strictest asceticism "la négation de leur être", in the denial of all earthly things, even beauty—"la beauté dangereuse de tes horizons," as M. Duclos cries, apostrophizing the Midi. "Pour le péché d'un *Parfait* toutes les âmes qu'il a sauvées retombent dans l'ignominie initiale." The supreme good is the defeat of the "principe du mal" to which is due the creation of the flesh, and the end in view the extinction of the world. "Le monde, devenu inutile, retournera à l'incrée."

It is a curious fact that the acceptance of this religion of despair and annihilation coincided with an outburst of song and joy. The reason, however, is plain. Absolute freedom in the things of the flesh was tolerated in the masses, noble and common; only the "Parfaits" denied the body and the beauty of the earth. Since all manifestations of the flesh, all matter in all its forms and functions, was evil, it was futile to lay down laws governing such matters. The parfaits taught that all who, in anyway, accepted the flesh, who sought "le bien ailleurs que dans l'incrée" were the soldiers of evil and all equally damned. As well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb!

Perhaps it is from this conviction that the world of the senses, nay life itself is evil, and that the ideal end is not merely Death but the extinction of the world, that the Provençal poets, who were mainly Languedocian, acquired, though none before the crusade ever mentioned the Albigenses, that peculiar despair which broods over all their work. Is not the alba, with the poignant cry of the dawn-separation, typical?

The Albigensian faith, passionately held by the populations of the South West, was Manichæan in that it attributed the creation of the flesh to a spirit of Evil, while uncreated spirit was of the essence of God, the spirit of good. The incredible heroism of the Albigensian martyrs bears witness to the tenacity and sincerity of their faith.

Dominick failed signally to convert the populations of the Midi. M. Duclos tells the story of his glorious failure and his unflinching effort. From the moment that the Legate Pierre de Castelnau was murdered crossing the Rhone, war was inevitable. Innocent III did not desire war. But those whose interests was bound up in war won the day. Innocent sanctioned the Albigensian Crusade. Dominick stood aloof outside the Crusade and continued to do his work as best he might. M. Duclos does not attempt to defend the Crusaders. "Mon Dieu, je vous prie de me donner le courage de ne point maudire nos bourreaux." Like Attila once, Simon and Amaury Amalric were the scourges of God, he believes. "Le fléau qui bat le grain n'a pas d'âme."

"La terre d'OC était trop chantante, son peuple trop libéral, ses villes trop roses, sa vie trop douce, il lui fallait des angoisses, un drame. . . . Il ya, dans tout sacrifice de sang, une vie profonde et nouvelle." (p. 169).

Conversions were few, the Parfaits eager to welcome death "Ni la mort, ni la vie ne pourront nous arracher à notre croyance." At Minerve "on allume un bûcher gigantesque pour y brûler toute la gent hérétique que les soldats vont dévaler par les poternes. Il n'est pas nécessaire de les pousser: ils se



précipitent tous d'eux-mêmes dans le feu," and not only "Parfaits," but "vieillards, jeunes bergers, laboureurs, vigneron," children even. They went to their burning death with faith and defiance, singing the Albigenian song of revolt :

Quand le bouvier rentre du labour ....

Dominick's attitude towards Montfort is discussed in chapter VIII. "Dominique, chaque fois qu'il imaginait ce singulier chrétien et son espèce de traité de commerce avec Dieu, se sentait en lui trop de sévérité pour songer à peser la part du bien et du mal dans les actes de Simon." As M. Duclos says (p. 202) : "Innocent III avait appelé en terre d'OC des bergers, des bergers un peu rudes. Il n'est venu que des loups." Innocent wrote to Simon : "Les forces de la Croisade t'ont servi à répandre le sang du juste et à léser des innocents."

The last stage of the war was political, all pretence of a Crusade was abandoned. The Most Catholic King of Aragon, a close relative of the Count of Provence, took the command of the heretic hosts. It was difficult for Dominick to decide to oppose the king of Aragon, but, M. Duclos supposes him to reflect, "Si juste que soit la cause de Toulouse, sa victoire ne serait-elle pas un encouragement pour les ennemis de l'Eglise romaine ?"

Muret (1213) was one of the decisive battles of history. Pedro II of Aragon died on the field and the forces of Toulouse and Aragon were routed and massacred by the much smaller army of the Earl of Leicester. Toulouse surrendered. Dominick, his prayers for victory granted, left the field, refused a Bishopric, and returned to his great work.

M. Duclos like Professor Chevalier of Grenoble, whose book on *La Forêt de Tronçais* is a most charming piece of work, accepts the parking of individuals into distinct and disparate groups—family, nation, and founds civilisation on this segregation and aggregation. But why should we not be moving towards a civilisation at last founded on the individual ? Why call this new possibility, as M. Chevalier does, "une masse inorganique d'individus sans passé, sans avenir," Has the old system been so successful ? But the Catholic writers, can see no truth outside "la foi aux idées vraies," i.e., in the teachings of the Church. Why should the "sens de l'ordre" not find a new meaning ?

The antinomy is not new ; it is only more urgent. Guilhem Figueira who from the safe retreat of the Court of the Emperor Frederick II wrote his "Sirventes" against Rome felt the surge of revolt against the established order. We feel it to-day. Only to-day the established order is likely to fall. Even M. Chevalier sees that. Why should we live for ever on the ideas of our ancestors ?

R. B.

# BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

## "CANCELS."

CANCELS. By R. W. Chapman. (Constable & Co., Ltd. 20s. net).

Here is a fascinating book upon a fascinating, if somewhat difficult, subject. The interest in "cancels" grows apace, and the hunt has been taken up by a multitude of collectors.

If authors never had second thoughts, if printers never blundered, if publishers were not the timid mortals that they so frequently are, Mr. Chapman's book might never have been written. But from the earliest periods of book-production cases arose where offending or inaccurate passages called for deletion and so the cancel came into existence. Most collectors will be familiar with examples of the earliest methods of cancellation—the "blacking out" with the pen, the pasting of slips over printed matter or the removal of whole pages by the simple process of tearing out. But here we are chiefly concerned with the later method—the removal of the unwanted leaf and the insertion of a newly-printed one in its place.

When this was done by affixing it to the stub of its predecessor, detection is a simple matter that only calls for ordinary watchfulness when turning over leaves, but there were other methods not uncommonly used, and here Mr. Chapman's hints regarding the significance of signatures and watermarks will be found invaluable.

Of course, the real stimulus in this game of cancel-hunting is not merely the detection of the cancelled leaf; that is only the first step. What the collector is really looking for is a copy which contains that leaf—or leaves—in a first, *uncancelled* state. Even then the extent of his reward is entirely a matter of chance. The cancellation may be due to an altogether trivial alteration, in which case it does not matter very much whether the book contains the original leaf or the substituted one; on the other hand, the finding of an original uncancelled leaf may lead to a discovery of first-rate importance.

Mr. Chapman tells the story of his own adventure with the cancels in the first edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*:

"It had long been known to a few Johnsonians that there were cancels in the first edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, and anyone with an elementary knowledge of the matter could readily discover what leaves were cancelled, for their signatures betray them. But for many years this promising clue was ignored. In 1927 I published an article on the subject. I had not seen the leaves as originally printed, and had no reason to believe that they survived; but (like Birkbeck Hill before me) I had examined the (revised) proof-sheets in Mr. R. B. Adam's collection, which show what the changes were. In 1929 Dr. Pottle published his bibliography of Boswell, where the facts are again set forth. The result was that copies were examined by interested owners, and one copy was promptly found which contains both the cancelled leaves and the cancels which should have replaced them. It was sold in a glare of publicity for an enormous price. *Sic nos non nobis.*"

Another famous example is the first edition of the *Lyrical Ballads*. As originally planned, one of the poems to be included was Coleridge's *Lewti, or the Circassian Love-chant*, but as the poem had already appeared in the *Morning Post* and was known to be Coleridge's, the authors, wishing to preserve their

anonymity, decided to remove it. *The Nightingale* took its place and cancel leaves were inserted both for the poem itself and for the contents list. Last year the first recorded copy of this book, innocent of cancels, appeared in the sale-rooms, and once again the rivalry amongst collectors anxious to secure such a prize sent the price up to a staggering figure. These two examples are admittedly outstanding—for both books are epoch-making in the history of English literature—but they are in themselves a sufficient justification for Mr. Chapman's scholarly treatise.

To the majority of collectors it will come as a surprise to learn that amongst 18th century first editions one in three is likely to contain a cancel. Here then is hunting where the game is plentiful and bibliophiles will, one may assume, not be slow to take the hint. Many famous books containing cancels in the first editions are now well known—in addition to those mentioned may be noted Percy's *Reliques*, Johnson's *Journey to the Western Isles*, Cowper's *The Task*, Scott's *Waverley* and *Guy Mannering*—and the collector who happens upon any of these in an uncanceled state will have reason to congratulate himself.

In another way, too, Mr. Chapman's book will be of service to the enthusiastic collector. I use the word "enthusiastic" advisedly, for the shrewd and calculating searcher after rarities is not so likely to fall a victim to what the author calls "fraudulent cancellation." But here are traps for the unwary as in the well-known instance of the first edition of *Poems, by Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell*. The first issue with the Aylott and Jones imprint is one of the rarest of nineteenth century books and the later issue of the same edition with a spurious title-page substituted is not of uncommon occurrence. In cases such as this a knowledge of the "mechanics" of cancel-detecting will serve the collector in good stead. The other sort of fraudulent cancellation mentioned here—that in which a publisher finding a book a slow seller converts the sheets of a first edition into a spurious second by a cancel title bearing the words "Second Edition"—is interesting, but has no great sort of danger for the collector attached to it. Mr. Chapman's example is the *History of Mecklenburg* (1762), which Goldsmith is said to have revised and which had disappointed Newberry's hopes. Perhaps a more interesting example in Goldsmith's own book *The Bee*, which after having appeared in weekly parts, was published in book form by Wilkie in 1759. I have recently seen a copy (in the possession of the editor of this Magazine) in which the original sheets appear with a new title, undated, and carrying another publisher's imprint.

Mr. Chapman is to be congratulated upon a notable addition to modern scientific bibliography. The illustrations are excellent and Messrs. Constable have left nothing to be desired in the matter of binding and printing.

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#### THE ROSENBACH EXHIBITION.

The *Catalogue of an Exhibition of Monuments of Printing, 1455-1500*, just issued by the Rosenbach Company of New York, is without question the most remarkable list of early-printed books offered by any bookseller in our time; to find anything to equal it one must go back forty years to the famous *Monumenta Typographica* of the elder Quaritch. What is still more astonishing is the fact that the two hundred and fifty examples here described are merely a portion of



a much larger stock which Dr. Rosenbach has been collecting for some years past. Almost every place and every year of printing from 1455 to 1500 find a niche in this collection, and there are choice specimens of all the great printers from Fust and Schoeffer to Caxton and Jensen. Everything here is a treasure, and many are so rare and so fine as to appear almost priceless. One can only indicate a few outstanding items—where everything is outstanding—such as the Mainz *Cicero*, 1465, on vellum, the first printed classic; the first dated book printed in Italy, the Subiaco *Lactantius*, 1465, described as the finest copy in existence; the *Quaestiones* of Andreas, 1480, the first book printed in London; the *Book of St. Albans*, 1486, the first English sporting book, “a superb copy.” An interesting feature of the collection is the number of English incunables; there are no less than thirteen Caxtons as well as fine examples from the presses of Wynken de Worde and Pynson. There is no indication of the prices at which Dr. Rosenbach is willing to part with these strong room treasures, but he makes it clear that he would prefer to sell the collection as a whole. It is to be hoped, though in these days of economic stress the hope is rather a slender one, that some of them at least will make a return trip across the Atlantic.

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#### BOOKSELLERS' CATALOGUES.

The eighteenth catalogue issued by Mr. Bertram Rota (76A Davies Street, Oxford Street, London) is entirely devoted to writers of our own day. The present writer has many pleasant memories of the cheerful little shop in Davies Street and of its courteous proprietor. Mr. Rota is a bookseller who knows the books which he handles and who is endowed with a keen sense of literary values. His latest list offers a fine collection of modern first editions, association copies, limited editions-de-luxe, autograph letters and manuscripts—all at prices which seem eminently reasonable. Dr. Rosenbach may cater for millionaires, but the “small” collector will do well to patronise Mr. Rota. There are not so many Irish items as usual—one misses Synge and Mr. Yeats and A.E.—but there are many first editions of Liam O’Flaherty and James Joyce (including the latter’s *Chamber Music*, 1907, a fine copy and cheap at 30s.). A particularly interesting item is the complete original manuscript of Eimar O’Duffy’s *The Wasted Island*, which is offered at £20.

The notable series of catalogues issued by Messrs. W. H. Robinson in Newcastle-on-Tyne is continued from their London house in Pall Mall. Their thirty-second list, simply entitled “Rare Books,” fully lives up to its description. As usual, America is very strongly represented, and one notices such rare and desirable items as Adair’s *History of the American Indians*, 1775, Peter Williamson’s *Description of an Indian Captivity*, 1759, and that very rare tract, *A Declaration of the State of the Colony and Affairs in Virginia*, printed in London in 1620. Here also are the Baskerville Addison and a large paper copy of the Milton from the same famous press, as well as Hobbes’s *Leviathan* and Gibbon’s *Decline and Fall* in first editions. Another Hobbes item listed here intrigues me, the *Behemoth, or an Epitome of the Civil Wars of England*, “by Thomas Hobs of Malmesbury.” This is dated 1679 and is described as the first (surrep-

titious) edition, the authorised edition not having appeared for two years later. My copy, however, has a different title, reading simply *The History of the Civil Wars of England*, and the author is given as "T. H." The date is the same, and there is no place or printer. Amongst nineteenth century books the most interesting are, perhaps, fine copies of those two rare items, first editions of George Eliot's *Scenes of Clerical Life* and Mrs. Gaskell's *Mary Barton*. When one comes to the Great Cloth Era of book-production condition is everything, which would suggest that a safe investment is waiting here for the discriminating collector. An unusual item of Irish interest is a Tourist Ticket issued from Manchester to Killarney and back, in July, 1853. The value of this lies in the fact that it carries a woodcut design by George Cruikshank and is the only specimen hitherto recorded. The price, eight guineas, is not likely to intimidate the Cruikshank enthusiast who can enrich his collection with something bearing the magic label "unique."

In the well-assorted catalogue of English Literature which we have received from Messrs. John Smith, 57-61 St. Vincent St., Glasgow, the collector of moderate means will find many items of outstanding interest. Amongst these I see a copy of a small anthology which has, probably by reason of its rarity, escaped the knowledge of the curious in such things. It is entitled "The Lyre of Love: A Selection of Amatory Poems," 2 Vols. in one, sm. 8vo., 1806. The editor, P. L. Courtier, had a very pretty taste in the verse of this kind, though not himself a "maker" in any true sense of the word, and in his second volume, which is altogether devoted to the modern and living poets of his day, has given us some excellent selections from the works of Burns, Coleridge, and Wordsworth. The principal value and interest of the little volumes, however, lie in the preliminary (biographical) notes which he has placed at the headings of his excerpts. He rather disarms criticism by the explanatory note with which he concludes his preface for, he informs us, with regard to these biographical details "He may have been misled: but he is not conscious of having misrepresented the statements with which he met, or the information with which he was favoured," but nevertheless they make very interesting, and, in more than one instance, quite extraordinary reading about the giants of those days. Here is his note on Wordsworth—"Mr. Wordsworth resides at Grasmere. He is reported to possess a beautiful wife, a Yorkshire lady, his union with whom was characterised by that eccentric enthusiasm which constitutes the charm of his poetry." Of Moore he tells us that his "days appear to have been devoted to the elegancies of literature," and his "Evenings have not been estranged from the customary festivities of youth" and writing of "The Swan of Litchfield" he strikes a still more personal note—"it is scarcely possible," he writes, "that Miss Seward can have lived unsought and unattached. Some of her poems, indeed, authorise a very different opinion to that of her having remained a stranger to the passion which influences so important a part of human conduct, and which often constitutes either the happiness or misery of individuals." "Mr. Rogers is known to the commercial world as partner in a city banking house. He is unmarried." Here, at least, our biographer treads on safer ground. Of Thomas Dermody, to whom he devotes a lengthy foreword, he tells us that "Elated by prematurity of success, and unsuspicious of the vicissitudes from which no situation is wholly exempted he . . . abandoned himself to

a degree of thoughtlessness and dissipation, that in succession alienated the regard of his principal friends, and too fatally verified the predictions of the envious and splenetic " and " closed a short and chequered existence on the 15th of July, 1802," but, he adds, " He was handsomely buried in the Churchyard of Lewisham." And thus of Burns " He afterwards became unhappily married : being compelled to invest her with the control of his life, whom he seems at first to have selected only for the gratification of a temporary inclination ; and to this circumstance much of his misconduct is perhaps ascribable. Genius, it must be confessed, did not contribute to the happiness of Burns. His expectation of preferment was attempted to be appeased by the paltry but dangerous post of an exciseman, which, as it facilitated the practice of intoxication, must have accelerated his dissolution."

Finally Mr. Courtier devotes a page to his own autobiography and rounds it off with a sentence which, in view of the rather melancholy accounts of the poets which have preceded it, rather smacks, I must confess, of self satisfaction. " Mr. Courtier married, a few years ago, the lady distinguished as Myrtille in several of his early poetical effusions." Alas for Myrtille—not even Mr. Courtier's " early poetical effusions " have availed to keep her memory as green as that of the unhappy lady who was " invested with the control of " the " dissolute " Scotsman's life.



## BOOK REVIEWS

A SHORT HISTORY OF SCOTLAND FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE OUTBREAK OF THE GREAT WAR. With Four Maps. By George Malcolm Thomson. (Routledge. 10s. 6d. net).

It is not often that one happens on a Short History of any country that has distinction. The reasons are obvious. Such a work is generally fashioned for a scholastic syllabus or is the venture of a professional book-maker who has more art than knowledge. Mr. Thomson is a writer of different calibre. He is an original thinker, who is deeply versed in the story of his country's evolution. His judgments are often startling, at first sight, but on re-consideration the reader wonders why he never saw the fact in such a light. If he be not a partisan he will confess that it is the right light. The old conflict between tradition and enquiry is evidenced in every chapter. There can be no doubt that those to whom tradition is sacred will find cause for anger in these brilliant pages, but those who do not boggle at the shaking up of dead bones will accept the author as a luminous and a stimulating guide. He is a pronounced Nationalist. Scotland is no mere elongation of England to him. It is a distinct nation with its own inalienable birth-right and growth. The Gramscians deflect the judgment and the affections of many Scottish historians even as the Boyne evokes benediction or commination in Irish History. These mountains have no place in his heart or mind. He sees only Scots in the act of growth. So the embittered controversies of Scottish History have no echo here. The Gael and the Gall receive an equal meed of tolerance and sympathy. Fitz James and Roderick Dhu find in him a just umpire. The part played in the great victory of Bannockburn by the two races is impartially set out. He writes on 1715 and 1745 with the same reasoned enthusiasm as he does on King and Covenant. When he tells of the "Boys of the heather where rallied our bravest and best"—the persecuted Presbyterians—he wins your sympathy no less surely than when, with brain of ice, he limns the portraits of John Knox and Cardinal Beaton, "one of the greatest men of affairs in Scottish History." If the Kirk has first place in his heart the Catholic Church has no bitter opponent. A sweet sanity runs through the book from the first to the last page. The Great Montrose was never more pithily or more justly summed-up. "The end of the Great Montrose befitted the noblest of cavaliers and a king among men. At the scaffold he said, 'I leave my soul to God, my services to my prince, my good-will to my friends, my love and my charity to you all.'"

The same fulness and accuracy characterises the sections on literature, parliament, trade and commerce, and agriculture. The Irish Catholic "plantation" of the Clyde Basin is shown in its just economic phases. The Irish formed a convenient weapon, because of their poverty, wherewith the new industrial magnates were able to beat down the aggressive independence of the native craftsmen and labourers, who laudably resisted the reduction of their standard of life.

There is no better Short History of Scotland to be had, whether in erudition or in brilliancy of style. A book to buy, a book to keep and enjoy.

SEAN GHALL.

THE IRISH WAR OF DEFENCE, 1598-1600. By Peter Lombard, Archbishop of Armagh. (Cork University Press. Educational Co. of Ireland, Ltd., Dublin and Cork, and Longman, Green and Co., London. 3s. 6d. net).

This is No. 1 of a proposed series of Irish Historical Documents to be issued by the University, Cork, provided the needed support is forthcoming. It consists of chapters 23 and 24 of Peter Lombard's famous work, *De Hibernia Insula Commentarius*, Latin text, and translation by the late Matthew J. Byrne. The preface is an adequate tribute to a fine historical scholar, a Christian and a gentleman. Those who have been so fortunate as to know M. J. Byrne will thank "A. O'R." for the appreciation. More than a generation ago when his part translation of Philip O'Sullivan's "*Historiae Catholicae Iberniae Compendium*" was published under title of "Ireland under Elizabeth" Mr. Byrne intended to follow it with a complete text and translation of Lombard and also of Cardinal Moran's edition of David Roth's "*Analecta*." Partly through his own very pronounced ideas and partly from his publishers' insistence on their own these works were not issued. I used my influence, first with Francis Joseph Bigger to grant the hospitality of the "*Ulster Journal of Archaeology*" to the Lombard text and translation. But the inevitable conflict occurred. Then Arthur Griffith came to the rescue. The greater part of the present translation appeared in that great man's weekly—a fact not here mentioned—but again non-completion.

1598-1600 are two glorious years in Irish History when Victory was the mate of Eire. Lombard, a descendant of a unit of one of the many Italian banking firms (not "Danish" as stated) of XIII-XIV century Ireland, safeguarded and advanced the interests of the famous Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, at the Papal Court. He was the accredited ambassador of the lords of the Gael and Sean Ghall. His work is of high merit to the professional historian and to the teacher since its author was a contemporary with command of first hand sources of information. It is the absence of authorities on the Irish side that makes so many of our historical treatises so arid and so unsatisfactory. Here we have the Great O'Neill in a light alien to State Paper scribes, an Irish Ireland light. Preface, Introduction, Text, Translation, and Notes, are satisfying and scholarly. It is a work that is indispensable to all investigators of the closing years of Ireland's struggle for independence in the Sixteenth Century. We hope this very cheap book will have a rapid sale and so encourage the Cork University Press to issue another of the many Latin treasures written in the earlier years of the XVIIth century by Irish exiles on the Continent—works which will tell us much that is unknown to many luminaries of our schools and universities. SEAN GHALL.

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AN ECONOMIC HISTORY OF EUROPE: 1760-1830. By Arthur Birnie. London, Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.

To compress the economic history of Europe from the beginnings of the Industrial Revolution to the present-day movement for "rationalisation" is such an undertaking that even the most hardened and experienced of economic historians would be pardoned for shirking. It is, in effect, an attempt to describe the great industrial and commercial movements which have re-made the world,

have changed the economic emphasis from field to factory, have led to the concentration of population in great towns, and converted statesmanship from a political parlour-game to an exercise in pure economics. No less than this is what Mr. Birnie has undertaken in this book. As Lecturer in Economic History in Edinburgh University he is familiar with the needs of students of the period, and if his book will appeal especially to them, it can be read easily and advantageously by the general reader.

In days when every problem of citizenship is essentially economic it must be the duty of citizens to inform themselves of the genesis of the problems upon which they are called to express an opinion. The citizen who is ignorant is a menace to his community, and when he is presented with all the data of his problems in such an agreeable and concise form as Mr. Birnie presents it in this book there can be no excuse for ignorance.

In a series of fifteen chapters, packed with information, the gradual evolution of the Europe that we know to-day is vividly presented. The author has chosen to deal with his matter in terms of problems rather than in terms of nationality or geography; and consequently it is possible to get a complete conspectus of, say, the revolution in commerce or undustrial insurance within a single chapter for every country in Europe. The subjects are not, of course, treated exhaustively; but there is sufficient information given to satisfy all but the specialist in social problems. It is a book upon which the author may be heartily congratulated.

L. P. B.

#### STUDIES IN DISCONTENT.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS AND POLICY DURING THE PURITAN REVOLUTION: 1640-1660.

By Margaret James. London, Routledge, 21s. net.

CROMWELL AND COMMUNISM. By Eduard Bernstein. London, Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.

THE AGE OF THE CHARTISTS. By J. L. and B. Hammond. London, Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.

Here are three books that no student of social history can afford to overlook, all of them survey new ground, all are written by experts, and all are written in an easy style that will appeal to the general reader as much as to the historical student. Almost everyone interested in such studies will be familiar with the work of J. L. and Barbara Hammond, whose delightful studies of the England of a century ago have brought many to the study of social history. It is to politicians, perhaps only to socialists, that the name of Eduard Bernstein will be known; but in his books on aspects of socialism he has already made a big reputation as a writer. Bernstein is one of the outstanding figures in the international socialist movement, and on his eightieth birthday recently he was the recipient of congratulations from all parts of the world. As the great protagonist of "revisionism" in his native Germany, he was often suspected of leanings towards the English school of socialist thought. He had lived for ten years in England, and like Marx had studied deeply the history and institutions of the country. It was in the years of his exile in England that he gathered the material for this fine study of the aspirations of the Cromwellian era. The third writer is a comparative new-comer to this field, but her book proves that she is a force that will have to be reckoned with in the next few years.



While the political problems and developments of the Cromwellian period have been fully investigated and their importance recognised, Miss James is the first to give attention to the social and economic aspects of the Puritan Revolution. She has investigated the vast mass of material contained in the Thomason Tracts, and has made a close study of the Parliamentary and other records of the time. "It is not always recognised," as she truly says, "that the discredit of the Stuart monarchy and the Commonwealth experiment marked the beginning of a new epoch in social, no less than in political history. The most obvious fact that emerges from a study of the economic history of the time is that of widespread disorganisation and depression in industry and agriculture, and a consequent increase of poverty and unemployment." The social and economic conditions of England are surveyed in considerable detail, but Ireland receives only passing attention. It is, however, seen how a Committee was set up with instructions to see how the Irish woollen trade could be made subservient to that of England, and another was directed to pay particular attention to "wandering beggars from Ireland." This latter has a curiously modern ring, when it is remembered that a recent agitation was directed against Irish wandering labourers in both England and Scotland. This is a book that will place all students of social and economic history permanently in the debt of Miss James: she has done a very useful and necessary work with a competence and completeness that will place her book as a standard work on the period for a long time to come.

The work of Eduard Bernstein, excellently translated by H. J. Stenning, was originally published in Germany as a volume in Kautsky's comprehensive history of socialism. Bernstein is much more concerned with the socialistic manifestations of the time than is Miss James, so his assertion that "a single-track mind is often the secret of political success" may be of some significance when studying his book. His gives particular attention to John Lilburne, "the Leveller," and to Gerard Winstanley, "the Digger," and presents studies of these two forceful personalities and the movements in which they figured so prominently that cannot be equalled elsewhere. There have been many studies of Winstanley published in recent years, but in none of them is there the same sympathetic understanding of the aims and aspirations of "the Diggers" as is given by Herr Bernstein. If he errs at all, it is in ascribing to that movement something of a philosophy that was developed only at a much later date. But he is undoubtedly right in believing that it was essentially a communist movement, such as would be easily understood to-day. In Miss James' book the state of poverty is excellently described: Herr Bernstein's study is both supplementary and complementary to it, in that he describes the efforts made by the people themselves to ameliorate their desperate plight. His chapters on the political philosophy of Hobbes and Harrington, and an especially interesting study of John Bellers, that early advocate of a League of Nations, will repay the most careful attention from all students of social and economic history. Both author and translator may be congratulated on a book that throws new light on a dark corner of English social history, and for the examination of a particularly interesting period from a new angle.

From the middle of the seventeenth century to the early part of the nineteenth century is a longer journey that the dates would indicate: the industrial revolution, and the enclosures, had between them changed the social and economic

face of England within the period, so that it is an entirely different problem that Mr. and Mrs. Hammon have to examine in *The Age of the Chartists*. Having previously examined other aspects of the period, and having written a study of the Lord Grey "of the Reform Bill," this new volume is accurately sub-titled "A Study of Discontent: 1832-1854." It is in no sense a history of Chartism, although in reading the book the impression is given that some more of the history of that movement would have been advantageous. It may be hoped that these graphic and conscientious scholars will now proceed to write a history of Chartism, that will stand as *the* work on the subject. If other histories of the movement, those of Julius West and Mark Hovell for example, already exist, they should in no way act as a deterrent; a history and description combined is sadly needed, and there are no writers so well equipped to undertake it. They are the lineal successors to the Sidney and Beatrice Webb of an earlier day.

"Never had men passed with steps so sure from poverty to wealth, from obscurity to renown," but neither had humanity ever passed so rapidly from ease and fresh air to dark and overcrowded streets, dispossessed of their common land, and compelled to slave in mines and factories for a pittance. In this book is a series of vivid and appalling pictures of the new towns of industrialised England which will make the reader realise the cost of the change in terms of human life and happiness. Dark, narrow, and dirty streets; squalid, airless, and drab homes; monotonous and long days tending the new machines in cheerless factories. These were the "blessings" at which the Chartists were discontented. Samuel Smiles, of course, disapproved; but Chartism forced the pace of reform. So in this book there is a record of the beginnings of better things; of the first Public Health Act, of Factory Acts, of popular education, of the co-operative and friendly societies movements, and of many other agents of social reform which are still in process of development. This is a record of men "facing fearful odds," and winning against the embattled forces of greed and prejudice. The book is a tonic, one of those books which revive the drooping faith in the theory of progress, and as such it is doubly welcome at this time.

L. P. B.

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LORD LANDSDOWNE. By Lord Newton. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd. Price 25s.).

A spate of personalities and reputations emerging out of comparative obscurity by reason of the Great War has had its inevitable result in a torrent of Biographies, good, bad and mostly indifferent as these personalities have passed once again to comparative oblivion—in the Great Beyond; but, while most of these publications leave but a transient impression, here is one which commands our interest and calls us again and again to dip into its well written pages. There are two reasons why this is so:—The intimacy—if any could claim such with Lord Landsdowne—which Lord Newton enjoyed with his subject over a long period of years and the excellent style in which the task has been accomplished in extracting superfluities and giving all that is sufficient to portray what was really a lovable and noble character. We are not accustomed to acknowledge any virtues as existing amongst what may be termed the Ruling Families of England, and it is therefore the more refreshing and pleasing to find that there is at least "a little leaven."

When we have closed this book and think in retrospect upon the man Henry Charles Keith Petty-Fitzmaurice, fifth Marquis of Landsdowne, three facts are bidden to our thoughts: The extraordinary Humanity of the man; his deep love for his native Kerry and its people to the end, though even his enemies, if he ever had any real ones, must admit he was somewhat hardly treated, and finally his tremendous loyalty to principle. Of the first here is what he wrote to his mother from Bowood on his wedding day: "I wish I did not feel that amidst so much happiness you have so small a share in it . . . . . Good-bye dear, dear Mother. I have done so little to repay all your love to me that I sometimes think that you must be sick of me . . . . . Try and believe that I am all bad and love me in spite of my unkindness." His Biographer's Comment on this letter runs: "Many letters to his mother contain these self reproaches, for which there was singularly little justification."

Of the second there are numerous longings expressed in his letters to be once more in his beloved Kerry, when his Vice-regencies in Canada and India claimed his presence in these countries; but perhaps the greatest proof of his love for his country lies in the rebuilding of his Kerry home after it had been burned during Ireland's troubled times. It was in May 1927 when Lord and Lady Landsdowne set out on a last journey to Kerry in the hope that the veteran statesman might have the final gratification of seeing Derreen in its early summer glory, but this was denied him, as he passed away at Newtown Anmer, the home of his younger daughter Lady Osborne Beauclerk at the age of eighty-two.

Finally what of the man's loyalty to principle? I leave the reader the opinion of a strenuous political opponent, Mr. F. W. Hirst:—"I found him the very best type of British aristocrat, straightforward and frank, dignified, accessible, firm and even tenacious, yet wisely regardful of other people's opinion, sensitive of the honour of his own country, and unconcerned at the violent attacks which had been levelled at him."

Lord Newton has given us a wonderful record of a wonderful man and his character.

LAMBERT PATTERSON.

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AKAN-ASHANTI FOLK-TALES. Capt. R. S. Rattray. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 21s. net.

Scandalous rumour is a deadly poison in the air, but when crystalized between the covers of a book, an antidote may be used. Less than seventy years ago, Sir Samuel Baker, exploring the Dark Continent, wrote—

I wish the black sympathisers in England could see Africa's inmost heart as I do; much of their sympathy would subside. Human nature viewed in its crude state as pictured amongst African savages is quite on a level with that of the brute, and not to be compared with the noble character of the dog.

There is neither gratitude, pity, love, nor self-denial; no idea of duty, no religion; but covetousness, ingratitude, selfishness and cruelty. All are thieves, idle, envious, and ready to plunder and enslave their weaker neighbours.

Ignorant of the thoughts and languages of the peoples, amongst whom he journeyed, he summarily convicts thus a whole race. Times are happily changed. More tolerant of ignorance, explorers take pains to become acquainted with the thoughts of these folk not yet de-natured by the complexities of European civilization.



The value of this most fascinating collection of tales is evident. The accomplished collector and translator of them says "they represent the gleanings, if not of, a thousand and one nights, at least of many scores of evenings spent sitting in a circle after dark in the village street, or, if in the rains, in some open *pato* (three-walled room) with the four sides of the big courtyard of the compound thronged with villagers, gathered under the dripping eaves to hear and to relate these tales." Surely the right way to open up a country to intercourse with more highly developed minds.

Capt. Rattray has indeed a great record of valuable service amongst West African peoples. Eighteen years ago he published a collection of Hausa folk-lore (Clarendon Press, 2 vols.), and, more recently he has made a wide survey of these gentle and pleasing Ashanti folk. He has published—"Ashanti," "Ashanti Proverbs," "Religion and Art in Ashanti," "Ashanti Law and Constitution." All of them are indispensable to students of Archaeology, while the last-named volume, even its title, is a complete answer to Baker's slander.

The wisdom of Capt. Rattray's methods is apparent. Realizing that one of the results of civilization, is to produce in its victim a false sense of shame of his "uncivilized" past (especially among the young), also, that the records of bygone days must be sought among the old folks, he learnt the language, and made direct contact with those unspoiled by foreign influence.

The presence in some of the tales, of details which are, to the modern reader, crude and coarse, must not, he says, warp our judgment of the morality of the race. The Ashanti people are normally decorous, both in speech and act, and these passages, ordinarily strictly taboo, would not be told apart from the stories. Tales of this class are called "after dark stories." Local public opinion is very strict in such matters as laxity of speech, and the making ridicule of anything held in respect by others. Such stories may be told after dark by a professed story-teller, and the personalities introduced are disguised under the names of animals or insects. In this way a harmless outlet is provided for the human desire to criticize others, and as was explained to Capt. Rattray "this is good for everyone." Which is all a damning indictment of Europeans with their unbridled, merciless dis-regard for the other man's reputation. Savages dark and innately considerate—their white lords not yet up to their gentle standard.

Capt. Rattray does not endorse the accepted theories as to this use of animal names, in tales which seem to be wholly concerned with the lives and actions of human beings; nor does he assent to the theory advanced as to similar tales told in widely distant parts of the globe. He says:—

I think the similarity cannot be accounted for on the supposition that the human mind has re-acted independently in different lands, in like manner, to some common stimulus. In nearly all such cases, I believe the similarity in the tales to be due to a common origin.

A quaint disclaiming of responsibility precedes each of these tales—"We do not really mean to say—we do not really mean to say (so)." In modern style "The author wishes to state that all the characters in this story are fictitious, and do not refer to any living persons." And in conclusion the narrator naively says: "This is my story—if it be sweet, if it be not sweet, some you may take as true, and (for) the rest, you may praise me."

There are 75 stories here, full of quaint humour and romance, and in many of them is a dim background of the movings of nature-spirits, haunting, helping or hindering.

The illustrations, of which there are 12 full-page and over 80 in the body of the text, deserve special note, being, as they are, the work of a dozen Gold Coast natives. When Mr. G. A. Stevens was asked to illustrate the book, he recommended the employing of native artists, so that the spirit of the stories might be freely suggested in its integrity—and the result is most happy.

Produced by the Clarendon Press, there is nothing wanting in the excellence that one associates with this great publishing house.

It is a most valuable text-book of folk-lore and language, while the tales are so fascinating in subject and telling that I strongly recommend it as a story-book pure and simple.

A.K.

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THOSE THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE: A STUDY IN MADNESS. By Edward Charles. (Faber & Faber. 6s.).

We leave this book as people might leave a séance, some asserting that we have seen the work of a brilliant disillusionist, others vowing with awe that we have been shown the very spirit of the times. Mr. Charles has, in any case, the power of showing us what look like the astral bodies of his characters. He is able to keep them before us, acting and speaking in the most realistic manner, without for an instant, diminishing the intensity of the strange inner radiance that they emanate, and that is the true focus of our enthralled attention.

These faint fiery figures, if they burn into our consciousness at all, brand it with something curiously ample and fundamental. They are, as it were, lightly brushed with an iridescence of generalization. They seem to be all bones and electricity like patients seen under the X-rays suffering from the terrible complaint of acute modernity: and as we watch we feel in our very bones some beginnings of Mr. Charles' poignant insight into all the symptoms of the malady—the clear thought of delirium, the sense of birth-bondage to a despised past, the necessitous self-immolation on the altar of an emotional cynicism, the despair which has passed from melancholy to fanaticism, the relentless treading of the grapes of sanity until they are pressed into the wine of madness.

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JAMES JOYCE'S ULYSSES. By Stuart Gilbert. London: Faber & Faber, Ltd. Price 21s. net.

Mr. Stuart Gilbert has written a painstaking book about Mr. Joyce's "Ulysses," full of varied and interesting information, and steeped in the enthusiasm of a devoted disciple. There is no doubt that the reader of "Ulysses" requires help. Mr. Joyce disdains to be explicit. He hurls his ideas at us in a take it or leave it fashion. And his energy is so voluminous that the ordinary mind quickly gets confused and lost in the folds of its gigantic maze. Mr. Gilbert is very helpful for all who wish to study this modern "Ulysses" in an academic and serious fashion, paying particular attention to the elucidation of hidden references, and the explanation of the minutest trifles, though one can hardly hope to grasp its essence by this method.

Mr. Joyce can be maddeningly pedantic and obscure in his insistence on innumerable petty details. But it is not for the sake of the detail,—though often he seems to forget his aim in his delight in chasing sly subsidiary allusions in an abandonment of hair-splitting ecstasy. “Ulysses” is an expression of his attitude to life. And this is most definitely caught in its moments of crisis, like the end of the chapter Mr. Gilbert calls *The Cyclops*, or when Stephen Daedalus in the brothel smashes the lamp. And my point is that the obscure writing in which Mr. Joyce indulges so frequently, and the mass of detail which he employs hinder rather than help the restrained yet furious utterance of his final attitude to the opposing forces of life—its majesty and meanness, its sensuality and spirituality. Mr. Gilbert makes a valiant attempt in the first part of his book to expound some of the transcendental theories upon which he considers “Ulysses” is based. He does this largely by quotations from writers on these subjects. He does not however succeed in convincing the doubting mind that esoteric doctrines are definitely and deliberately at the basis of Mr. Joyce’s work. The pervading atmosphere of *Ulysses* is largely anti-mystical in any recognised sense of this word’s meaning. In the moments of crisis Mr. Joyce apparently makes the attempt to sublimate the evil of life till it is indistinguishably blended and merged with the good. If he had succeeded in accomplishing this, the term “mystical” would be correctly applied to describe it, even though many consider such a mental process unthinkable. But it is difficult to admit that any integral fusion of diametrically opposed elements has been achieved in the scope of his art medium, and, indeed, it is also open to question whether any such finality was intended. And yet as Mr. Gilbert points out a mystical element is undoubtedly apparent in the vast matter of “Ulysses.” It is not in its detached fragments of philosophy, but in its motive of the age-old soul enduring age-long travail in the brief space of a mortal life. Stephen Daedalus and Leopold Bloom crowd the intensities of many lives into the single day that occupies “Ulysses.” This is mysticism in the framework of the epic,—in the technical intention of the author,—but it is not carried into expression in the treatment and development of the theme. It lies there a theory unassimilated in the concrete fabric of the story, and merely serves, as Mr. Gilbert remarks (quoting from Herbert Spencer) to give some order to “accumulated facts lying in disorder.”

But Mr. Gilbert is not satisfied with a partial admission of the mystical tendencies of “Ulysses.” He declares on page 44 that the doctrine of reincarnation “is, in fact, one of the directive themes of the work.” On page 51 he writes, “Ulysses is a book of life, the life of a microcosm which is a small-scale replica of the universe.” On page 52, “It is impossible to grasp the meaning of Ulysses, its symbolism and the significance of its leit motifs without an understanding of the esoteric theories which underlie the work.” On page 54, “The fabric of Ulysses is woven on strands of mystical religion.” And on page 59: “For no passage, no phrase in Ulysses is irrelevant; in this grain of sand, this banal day in the life of an inglorious Dubliner, we may discover an entire synthesis of the Microcosm and a compelling symbol of the history of the race.” This attitude on the part of Mr. Gilbert is largely a matter of faith. For those who have lived in the Dublin about which Mr. Joyce writes, it is as difficult to comprehend and accept as any other creed. Mr. Gilbert’s real help for the reader is not in this direction but in his exposition of Mr. Joyce’s deliberate obscurities about details.



**JEWS WITHOUT MONEY.** By Michael Gold. (London. Noel Douglas. 7s. 6d. net).

A simple, subtle and penetrating book. It is apparently autobiography. In style it is terse, realistic in sections, but always close to essential human experience. It has no artificial plot. It is the record of the life of Jewish immigrants in New York. It is a day-to-day rehearsal. Poverty is its chief note. The woes of the poor. And yet through it there runs the natural ecstatic joy of youth. For it is written from the standpoint of a boy. The characterization is excellent. Evidently drawn from nature. It is a study of great value of racial and religious differences, merged in a deep realization of the common nature that joins all humanity into a united reality.

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**NOTHING TO PAY.** By Caradoc Evans. (London: Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d. net).

This book is written in puritanical, virtuous English, akin to the style of Bunyan. It is difficult to say how much of this is intentional, how much due to Welsh idiom. Probably Mr. Evans' style is half due to cultivated natural ability, and half to the influence of the Welsh language.

And yet he has a queer uncanny pictorial gift. It is unlovely, but it is graphic, and to this extent it is literary art. It is obscure in the sense that it deals with non-essentials. His chief claim to attention is that he is a realist and depicts things as he thinks he sees them in their naked reality. This means, to quote from the jacket cover of the book, that he deals with "religious hypocrisy, money greed, cruelty and degradation."

How different he is to our Anglo-Irish realists! Irish writers of this class have always left open doors to idealism. Mr. Evans closes them abruptly with a bang. Of fancy and imagination there is nothing in this book. Everything is sordid and dreadfully mean.

It makes difficult reading. He is too stringent and stern. He overpacks his sentences with meaning. He is abrupt. There is little fluency in his method. He abounds in retrogressions of expression. And before the book is finished the reader feels thoroughly wearied.

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**WITH MICHAEL COLLINS THROUGH THE FIGHT FOR IRISH INDEPENDENCE.** By Batt. O'Connor, T.D. (London: Peter Davies. 6s. net.)

Simplicity and geniality are the keynotes of Batt O'Connor's book. The author tells his life-story from boyhood days in the South, through exile in America, initiation into the I.R.B., and settlement in Dublin, until the sad days when all that was mortal of his friend, Michael Collins, was laid to rest in Glasnevin.

In some respects it is the story of many a country lad who became one of the new Fenians of the last generation, and took his share in the events that culminated in the Treaty of 1921. In others it is a personal testament to the faith and the loyalty which the personality of Collins evoked. In parts it reveals more of Batt O'Connor than of Collins, but it undoubtedly does revive memories of the

man to whom the author was not alone in rendering the homage of hero-worship. And it is all told in a pleasant, simple manner that makes the reader imagine he can hear Batt O'Connor talking, and talking so well that interest is sustained to the end. If that is not successful writing, I do not know what is.

Historically there is little that is new or important in the book. To the biographer of Collins it will, however, be useful, and those who knew them will thank the author for his re-kindling of happy memories of Sean MacDermott, Larry Ginnell, and people and incidents of the stirring days that are gone. What matter then if some of Batt's stories—like that of Paidin O'Keeffe and the newspaper correspondent—were the common talk of the time, and not in any sense revelations or reminiscences?  
C. O'S.

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QUAKERISM AND INDUSTRY BEFORE 1800. By Isabel Grubb, M.A. (London: Williams and Norgate. 8s. 6d. net.)

By her previous studies, *Quakers in Ireland*, and *J. Ernest Grubb of Carrick-on-Suir*, Miss Grubb won for herself an enviable reputation as historian of the Society of Friends in this country. In her new work she goes further afield and adds considerably to that reputation.

No student of history can afford to ignore the important part played by Quakerism in the social and economic life of both England and Ireland. Miss Grubb, with becoming modesty, sets herself "to give some account of the way in which Quakerism before 1800 made itself felt" in that life. Her achievement more than fulfils her promise. In fact her book is a thoroughgoing estimate of the effect of Quaker principles on Quaker practice during and before the Industrial Revolution. In that period, and owing to the far-reaching changes both in organised religion and in industry, commerce and business, and the ethical questions they involve, were generally regarded as altogether outside the sphere of the Church's control. "The one conspicuous exception to this point of view," says Miss Grubb with truth, "was that of the Quakers." It is precisely this attitude of the Quakers that earns due credit for the Society and warm commendation for Miss Grubb for revealing in masterly and illuminating fashion the exact position of Quakerism in the period under review.

Ireland, naturally, is less in the picture in this book. But it is far from neglected, and the Irish sections are extremely interesting and informative. Without hesitation, I can say that *Quakerism and Industry before 1800* is an invaluable contribution to the industrial and social history not only of Great Britain but of Ireland as well.  
C. O'S.

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GREAT COMIC SCENES FROM ENGLISH LITERATURE: Selected by Lancelot Oliphant. (London: Gregg Pub. Co. 7s. 6d. net).

Anthology or Encyclopædia, Selection or Collection, they appear regularly on the mill-stream of the publishing world, and pass as regularly into a more or less permanent corner, where they will be seldom disturbed. Most of the extracts selected for this collection are familiar to the reader, but they form a representa-

tive streamlet of humour from Shakespeare's time onward. It grates a little, however, to find Swift, Sheridan, Addison and Goldsmith submerged under the specific title 'English.' This book would make a good book-prize.

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CARLETON'S COUNTRY. Rose Shaw. (Dublin: Talbot Press. 5s. Illus.).

A notable tribute to the memory of our great Irish novelist; Miss Rose Shaw knows her subject and writes with affection for her author. There is a sympathetic foreword by Shane Leslie, and the reader is therein introduced to Carleton himself. The old type of novel is in but little demand to-day; recreation is not found in the reading of a book which requires sustained attention. Jazz rhythm, restless movement, which poured itself into the daily life after the War, still shuffles and chatters its "one-and-two-and," with the relentless insistence of machinery. One does not need to have musical accompaniment; all that is necessary is to gather around a running motor engine, and you can dance till the petrol gives out. Fiction-readers of to-day who read merely for distraction, must have movement, uncertainty, and suspense. Not the harassed pair of lovers, but the crook and the detective are now the favoured companions for leisure moments.

But, to the reader of taste, there is great refreshment in following Miss Shaw into the lanes and mountain-sides of Tyrone, and in listening to the fireside stories of the people of Carleton's country. It is restful to tramp around the Clogher Valley and recognize the tracks he followed in his "Traits and Stories." Even though the Hedge Schoolmaster and the Poor Scholar are vanished, the Shanaghy still tells his old tales, and it is charming to meet Ann Holland, the woman Gamekeeper, who made the path to her mountainy home with her bare feet. Accompanying the text are 16 photographs in brown tone printing, some of which have pleasingly little of photographic conventionality. Concluding with extracts from three of Carleton's stories, it is a most acceptable volume, and should create a new circle of Carleton readers.

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IRISH IRONIES. An Páirín. (Dublin: Talbot Press. 5s. net.)

There are no hard and fast lines in life's spacing out—we consciously or not gradually manoeuvre ourselves into all our positions, and within reach of the moods or humours indigenous to them. Overlapping is the rule, and inevitable motion in some direction; if we think back on any sudden crisis we shall find no suddenness about it. And so—a smile may spread itself out through laughter into tears, and the Irony that helps to make life likeable, bearable, merges into the tears for tragedies not our own—into Pity.

These eight stories are charmingly written vignettes of life in Dublin, and the localities are indicated with great observation and sympathetic appreciation, etched pictures they seem. And strangely through all these little modern idylls seeps the faded but persistent perfume of the Georgian period. There is a dream quality left in the mind as you close the book, as of a strange merging of periods; and I am reminded irresistibly of that house in Berkeley Square, where the haunted Peter Standish lives for a space in the two periods of that Play. It has been said that people should be careful in their selection of rooms, and that the outlook



upon life is deeply influenced by the aspect of the windows. An acquaintance of mine has an uncanny perception, from a person's face, as to that quarter of the sky under which the said person spends his waking hours. I fancy that the North is like a cave, where all ancient memories huddle together, and where the human laugh is silent. The irony in these stories is never far removed from the pity of things—and I wonder if An Philibin wrote them in a 'north' room, and if that may account for the persistence of the 'wig period, for me—my room has none of its associations.

"The House" is actually a story of the latent power in brooding thought, and the irony with which the Fates handle the resulting fabric is delicious. To imagine a house for the desired beloved, in a mountainy corner, and to find it springing up for some unidentified reason in that corner, might have awakened the dreamer. But no—he drifted about until, in due course, the house was inhabited. As in an uninterrupted dream, he drifted into its secluded garden walks until—as you will find when you read the story, (as you should) he is awakened to the reality. He did not realize it, but the Fates favoured the beloved, and being a drifter, the manner of his going is unduly pessimistic—he was a victim of self-pity, the tears of selfishness.

I think I like best the clear-cut action and atmosphere of "The Incendiary." It is most refreshing to follow the reckless and defiant progress of the outraged circus clown—and the berseker-rage with which he makes his last appearance in the familiar ring, is drawn with masterly touches. I think of him afterwards, in his enforced seclusion, as he balances against the present result, the fear and consternation he had aroused in his former tyrants, and the violent downfall of their fortunes at his hands. A grim, humorous smile takes the hate out of his eyes, and he sees the irony of his crude success. To me, the author's last sentence is unnecessary—the irony is complete and should not be dimmed down into self-pity.

"The Secret" is the very body of irony itself and to my mind is the most complete study in the book—but want of space forbids more comment. A well-printed book on excellent paper with distinction, but the binding, it seems to me, does not "belong."

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"BEYOND SOUNDINGS." R. Lloyd Praeger, D.Sc. (Dublin: Talbot Press. 5s. net).

A magical and enchanting book, which forms a permanent collection of articles which might have remained buried in the files of certain periodicals. The genial doctor is as happy in his titles as he is in his choice of subjects. "Continents Adrift," "Plants I have Killed," "The Fairy Ring," "Gingko and Tumboa"—even the last two names appeal for investigation. They represent two plants still growing, whose dim ancestors lived and died on the Man-less Earth, in the days of *Atlantosauros* and *Diplodacus*, before the animals and plants (excepting perhaps some mosses) had evolved. As I write, I have two dried leaves that grew in county Dublin last year on a Gingko or Maiden-hair Fern Tree. The other plant grows only in some African, rain-less deserts, and is described as a nightmare monstrosity, like a gigantic sea-anemone gone mad, squatting in the sand. It is a yard or two across, covered with old, cracked bark, has two

long green straps for leaves, the ends of which are split and torn, while a few scarlet cones shelter near the rim, between the two leaves.

When he talks about plants that he has killed, the doctor stresses plant-intelligence, and dwells with affection on their quaint persistence. He tells of those who know what they want, and refuse to take substitutes; of those who will grow with you if they choose, or die with reckless abandon if they be coerced in any way, and of others who will grow where *they* choose but not where *you* choose. He reminds me of R. L. Stevenson's nature descriptions in "Vailima Letters."

Included in his talks are grape-vines which grow on old lava-beds with a four-inch top dressing of cinders; of the manner in which all the eels of all the world make their amazing journey across the oceans to their breeding-ground; or you go with him into caves, wading and swimming through black icy streams, or cross to remote Irish islands. You can even share the delights of the continental air-mails, or muse over the longevity of the Dublin dust-bins, or spend immense moments observing the universe of millions of solar systems like our own.

I like to think that some day, our national ignorance of the ways of Nature will be only a shameful memory. This book should be, without delay, used in all schools as an introduction to a thorough course of Nature-study class-work. No words are too strong to condemn the lack of interest which allows our children to grow up blind and deaf to the beauty Ireland bears for all fortunate enough to live amidst it. The Japanese people have public holidays on the occasions of the blossoming of the peach, almond, wistaria, iris, and so forth—while the great mass of Irish people would hardly cross the road for a passing glance at them.

A most refreshing, fascinating and stimulating volume. Hail! doctor.

A. K.

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THE FLAME. A Play in one Act. By Austin Clarke. (Allen and Unwin. 3s. 6d. net).

Readers of "The Dublin Magazine" are familiar with this play for it was published in these pages last year, though the publisher somewhat negligently has omitted to mention this. Since then Mr. Clarke has elaborated it and inserted certain new passages with advantage, notably one describing the Novice's conscience-stricken dream of Absalom, son of David, who died, tangled by his tresses in the forks of the trees:

" I dreamed that I was walking in the garden  
Along a pathway summer had made less  
And the great oaks had gathered all their leaves  
So close, I wondered how the ivy found  
A branch.

Then halfway in the wood I saw  
A fair-knee'd youth that had been trumpet-blown  
Among those leaves and would escape them  
On golden elbows, but he was betrayed  
And buckled by the anger of his hair—  
Great hair that glittered like the tightened strings  
When the long nails of the harp-player live  
In the dark clef and the pale."

The last eight lines are as fine as anything Mr. Clarke has written ; the masterly "trumpet-blown" conjures up the whole feeling of the story. The subject of the play it will be remembered was a young novice's passion for, and pitiful struggle to save from the convent scissors, her own beautiful hair, so the introduction of the story of Absalom is particularly happy.

In his note the author tells us that in this play as in "Pilgrimage" he has endeavoured "to express the moral and religious imagination . . . of Irish life, and to relate it to that richly-austere period when Celtic-Romanesque art prevailed." Both books take the reader into an enchanted world, where merchants in galleons seek Hy-Brasil over fairy waters, where dwell artists whose

"Cunning hands with gold and jewels  
Brought chalices to flame."

Here are spacious pillared halls bright with silver and enamel where burns a holy perpetual fire, or where monks sit covering their vellum pages with all the pied flowers of May, in saffron, cobalt and vermilion. A country where in his own unforgettably beautiful lines the

"rainfall  
Was quiet as the turning of books  
In the holy schools at dawn."

Mr. Clarke has brought his own skilful technique to a high point of perfection, and within its limits the magical atmosphere peculiar to his poems and unlike that of any other writer, is all-powerful and complete. M. S. P.

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A BALLAD. By Monk Gibbon. (The Greyhound Press. Winchester (500 copies only printed) 6s.).

Mr. Monk Gibbon's Ballad begins :

"Come lovers all, be warned by one  
Well-meant but folly-driven,  
Learn now before it is too late  
How hardly fools are shriven"

thus plunging us at once into the authentic folk-song atmosphere. The poem which asks to be sung, is clever pastiche, written with a difficult simplicity and directness which shows Mr. Gibbon's increasing technical ability. It might take place beside "Barbara Ellen" and "I sowed the seeds of Love" without anyone being the wiser. It is paradoxical and rather saddening that it will only fall into the hands of collectors and never reach the sort of people who used to, and in some places do still, sing ballads about the country-side.

As a piece of book-production it is a heartening sign of the ever-increasing interest in intelligent typographical experiment. Folio in size, it is printed on the fairest Van Gelder paper in Bodoni type. Not every piece of printing will stand Bodoni, but in the present instance the contrast between the "thicks" and the "thins" blends perfectly with the faintly-coloured calligraphy of the decorations by M. Le Doux, thus keeping within the proper tradition of pamphlets and ballads. M. S. P.



STAR-DUST IN HOLLYWOOD. By Jan and Cora Gordon with illustrations by the authors. (Harrap. 12s. 6d.).

Anyone who wants to get the phenomenon of the cinema into mental focus ought to read this book. Mr. Gordon writes like an interesting conversationalist with a sane and humorous outlook. His little volume "Some Craftie Arts" shows him as a collector of curious specimens of mankind's unconscious humour. His eye seeks always for the whimsical, the quaint, the naive, and hails these qualities when he finds them not with malice but with the collector's pleasure. Like all collectors he finds his treasure in all sorts of unlikely places. The British Museum catalogue does not suggest whimsicality to the ordinary reader. Still less would the ordinary cinema-goer suspect that in Hollywood, where all-too-conscious humour is cultivated with such agonizing pains, any seedling of the unconscious variety could possibly have escaped weeding out or intensive culture. But in the Library Catalogue Mr. Gordon finds enough material for a catalogue of pieces for his own collection, whilst Hollywood yields him such a richness of his particular vein that we finish his book almost convinced that he has chanced on the world's chief mine of this kind of ore. Surely the following specimen alone ought to send prospectors for the genuine gold of unconscious humour flocking to Hollywood.

"The problem that brought almost the highest of the Publicity Department hurrying from his office was our request to have permission to write behind the scenes on the stages and sketch there. It was apparently the first time such a demand had been made. The objection was not against our wish to sketch in the abstract, but against our wish to draw the scenery as well as the stars. "We can let you in that you can draw the stars and people, but you mustn't draw the sets" said the big wig chewing his cigar at us. "But the sets are the very things we want to draw," we exclaimed. "We want to get the strange mixture of the real and the false. We are proposing to make a set of etchings of the work in the studios and of course the half-made set, the struts and stays and the general gimcrack are tremendously interesting." "No," said the chief publicity man decidedly. "We just can't let you do that. . . . The public like to think that the scenes are real. . . ." "But look here" we remonstrated "They know already that the actors are imitations. If they see Jannings one month as a Russian general and next month as a street-corner grocer they know he is a fake. What difference can it make?" "It does," asserted the chief publicist. "It does and I'm telling you. The public wants to think its real" . . . . "Now see here," he said at last "If we give you permission to draw will you promise not to draw the backs of the sets?"

Of what avail to shatter the oracles? The Delphic fume arises again in hieratic rings of cigar smoke: and the faith of the civilized world in the Stars of Hollywood is jealously guarded by the highpriest of publicity.

Nor can we doubt, having read this book, that their guardianship, has in America at least, been successful. We are left with an impression of the American public as a race of believers in the "reality" of the film phantoms. American youths of to-day may psychoanalyse the haloes from all the saints but never for a moment are they tempted to doubt the divine homogeneity of Charlie Chaplin and his bowler hat. The maidens of America may have reduced all the dwellers on Olympus to compara-

tive mythology but they still flock as ardently in the trail of a Valentino as even their Grecian sisters flocked eastward in the Dionysic rout. The children of America may pluck the snowy beard from Santa Claus and expose him derisively as a mere parent canonized in cotton wool, but not the most cynical of them, will dream of pointing a mocking finger at the most flamboyant whisker of a Jannings or of suspecting for an agnostic moment that the private life of a Fairbanks may not be carried on in the same spirit of romantic contortionism as is his public life on the films.

One sees that in America at least, the age of doubt is safely past.

In the illustrations the two authors have admirably carried out their general plan of bird's-eye glimpses of America in its aspect of a country of devout film-believers.

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THE CRITERION, A Quarterly Review. Edited by T. S. Eliot. January 1931. (London, Faber & Faber, Ltd. 24 Russell Square. 30s. per annum).

"Religion and the Scientific Mind" as Mr. Joseph Needham suggests in his article is an over-discussed subject. And yet this long article is well worth reading. Its thesis is, "(a), the necessity of both forms of experience in the individual life, and (b) the difficulty of passing from one to the other."

Mr. A. L. Rowse expounds "Mr. G. N. Clark's Conception of History" in an expository discourse on Mr. Clark's various writings; Mr. J. G. Fletcher points a moral for modern painters in his study of Delacroix; and Mr. Alan M. Boase in "Then Malherbe came," writes with vividness and enthusiasm about "certain unknown poets of the later French Renaissance"; that is the period after Ronsard and before Malherbe. There is a delightful prose fantasy, "A Lost Wood," by Mr. H. M. Tomlinson, and a short story, "A Catastrophe," by P. Romanov, concerned with a rural incident in modern Communistic Russia.

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ASH WEDNESDAY. By T. S. Eliot. (London: Faber and Faber, Ltd. 3s. 6d. net).

These poems make troubled reading. The wind of poetry blows through them. But the sincere reader is distracted by accidental things,—capricious punctuation, repeated phrases, deliberate mannerism in construction.

Yet they contain lines of enthralling beauty, where skill and rapture mingle, suggesting, in the proper perspective, a hidden quality of unusual order. The difficulty, for the ordinary reader, is to find the perspective. It is a matter of perception. In other words, "For whosoever hath to him shall be given."

Mr. Eliot is evidently trying to combine profundity with precision. There is deep matter in these poems. They are the expression of a penetrating mind. Also he labours assiduously, even anxiously, for the final finish of complete utterance.

But he does not succeed. In spite of the unmistakable touch of poetry the appeal is incomplete. The reader is alternatively inspired and bewildered, and ends by asking himself questions about the problem of poetry. And thus Mr. Eliot achieves his defeat. For no one notices the fabric when the spirit is manifest.

SELECTED POEMS OF ALICE MEYNELL. With an introductory note by W. M. (The Nonesuch Press. 3s. 6d. net).

Alice Meynell was not only one of Heaven's favourites but what is rarer in poets one of Earth's also. Born into a gifted and appreciative family, she married happily, and to judge from the recent biography by her daughter, was beloved beyond the ordinary by both husband and children, and a large circle of friends. She had only to write a poem or a piece of prose for the great men of her day to proclaim her a genius, and the remaining Grace of that Victorian triad, of which the other two were Christina Rossetti and Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

She was lucky in her environment, and also that she wrote in the Tennyson and Rossetti tradition. She was no rebel, and hers is not strikingly original poetry, it is grave and serene, extremely musical (her ear was almost flawless) and is written with a fastidious technique which suggests inspirational richness selectively pruned, until only a fine lyrical essence remains. This sort of writing was particularly suitable to the sonnet, at which she was an adept. Most people are familiar with "Renunciation," but perhaps do not know "Spring on the Alban Hills" so well, with the inspired surprise of its opening lines:

"O'er the Campagna it is dim warm weather  
The Spring comes with a full heart silently,  
And many thoughts; a faint flash of the sea  
Divides two mists; straight falls the falling feather."

That she had a painter's sensitive observation of the undertones of Nature is also shown in such poems as "West Wind in Winter" and the following lovely stanzas from "Builders of Ruins." How structurally fine in these too is her use of poetical ornament.

"And where they wrought, these lives of ours,  
So many-worded, many-souled,  
A North-west wind will take the towers,  
And dark with colour, sunny and cold,  
Will range alone among the flowers.

And here or there at our desire,  
The little clamorous owl shall sit  
Through her still time; and we aspire  
To make a law (and know not it)  
Unto the life of a wild briar."

In this poem and the two war poems "Summer in England, 1914" and "A Father of Women" her finest poetical qualities are evident, and not as the Anthologists would have us believe in the over-precious "Shepherdess."

The Selection is printed and bound with distinction of design we have learnt to expect from the Nonesuch Press.

M. S. P.



## IRISH BIOGRAPHY.

EDWARD MARTYN AND THE IRISH REVIVAL. By Denis Gwynn. (Jonathan Cape, 12s. 6d. net).

JOHN KEOGH : THE PIONEER OF CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION. By Denis Gwynn. (Talbot Press, 2s. 6d. net).

In Mr. Denis Gwynn Irish worthies of the immediate past have found a biographer who seems to be indefatigable in his endeavours to place them in their particular niche in the gallery of fame, and that he is being successful in his efforts is testified by the fact that an almost continuous series of volumes from his pen comes from the presses of Great Britain and Ireland. He is the biographer of cardinals and agitators indiscriminately ; it matters not so long as they be worthy of such fleeting fame as written biography gives. In these two volumes Mr. Gwynn touches Irish biography at different points, but in both he has managed to be at the same time informative and interesting.

Probably no one in Ireland's recent past is so forgotten as that "Dear Edward" at whom George Moore poked fun, and about whom he wrote charmingly. If Edward Martyn's "only indiscretion was George Moore" his biography would be a work of supererogation because George Moore would have done all that could have been demanded. What emerges from Mr. Gwynn's excellent and complete biography, however, is a man whose whole life was a series of indiscretions. Every action of his life must have presented itself to his friends and acquaintances as a supreme indiscretion ; and were it not for the indiscretions, and the benefices so lavishly scattered, there would be no need for a biography. He was a landlord who deserted his class and became a Nationalist at a critical moment in the fortunes of Irish landlordism ; a man of wealth who desired to be used after death in an anatomical school and buried in a pauper's grave ; a member of the ultra-loyalist Kildare Street Club who made speeches and wrote letters advocating and supporting disloyal demonstrations and took part in a campaign to stop recruiting in Ireland for the British army ; an ascetic who enjoyed gargantuan meals, and loved the pleasures of the table ; a man who had the artistic temperament and a cultured mind who vainly tried to be an artist.

"No other Irishman, in the various movements which together may be generally described as the 'Irish Revival'—between the eighteen-nineties and the establishment of the Irish Free State in 1921—occupies the same prominent place as a connecting link between so many intellectual activities." In this opening sentence of his introduction is the keynote to Mr. Gwynn's book : it is the Edward Martyn who was the "connecting link" of Irish nationalist movements of many kinds rather than the "dear Edward" of George Moore who is here studied with loving care. In fact, the book resolves itself into a series of five essays in which Edward Martyn is studied in his relations to Irish literature, the Irish Theatre, church music and decoration, the Gaelic League, and Irish politics. Every one of the essays could stand alone as a separate study of the man in relation to the particular movement in Ireland in which he took a prominent part, and in each of them will be found a store of information

about Edward Martyn that probably some of his most fervent admirers never knew before. The South Galway Election and the attendance of the Palastrina Choir at the funeral of Dr. O'Growney are but two of the subjects upon which Mr. Gwynn throws new and interesting light.

"Why do you rush wildly into print about politics that are not in your line?" wrote his cousin, the Count de Basterot, to Martyn. And Mr. Gwynn answers: "After he had made his first incursions into Irish politics during the Boer War his natural obstinacy intensified, and hostile criticism could only provoke him to further outbursts." It was probably that "natural obstinacy" that prevented Edward Martyn from being a great man, and from being the formative influence that his other gifts made it possible that he might have been in the Ireland of his time. As later events have amply demonstrated, he was immersed in everything of importance that passed in Ireland during his lifetime; but he moulded nothing, and left no enduring mark upon anything, except, possibly, music in Irish Catholic churches.

It was in the Irish theatre that Edward Martyn might have had his greatest influence, as it was there that he had his greatest success. It was he who financed the Irish Literary Theatre in its early ventures from which the Abbey Theatre and an Irish drama subsequently grew. It was he who wrote two of that Theatre's most distinguished plays; but that "natural obstinacy" intervened at a moment of crisis, and the Irish Theatre went on without him. "He had no interest whatever in peasant plays, which conveyed no subtle psychological problem and merely reflected social customs or conditions," but desired instead "modern plays by Irish authors concerned with the problems of ideas or of life." Now that the peasant play has almost ceased to be a vital thing in the Irish theatre, one can see that it was a necessary apprenticeship if the Irish Theatre and Irish dramatists were to learn their business. Moreover, in a country where ideas and problems connected with ideas have little or no interest for the mass of the population it is still impossible that ideas can be given dramatic expression. Sometime, perhaps, it may be possible to have a drama of ideas in Ireland, but that day has not yet dawned, and where Censorships of all kinds flourish the day seems yet far distant. The very play which Edward Martyn believed would be the beginning of such a drama in Ireland is still unknown to all but a few experts, and collectors of the curious.

After a reading of Mr. Gwynn's book it is comparatively easy to understand why Edward Martyn had few friends, and why the few should have been "either Bohemians or priests." He would have been at ease in a monastery if there had existed a monastic order which would have permitted his intellectual and gastronomic recreations. No such order being available he was compelled to live the life of a lay monk, who recited his Rosary in the Smoke Room of the Kildare Street Club. Since that Club was the only place in Dublin where he could get his caviare he fought valiantly for his rights as a member, when the Committee endeavoured to expel him for his alleged "seditious" activities. The famous law-suit which raged about these rights is summarised here for all who desire to know about it.

Boswell or Sancho Panza? Edward believed that George Moore had been his Boswell, but Mr. Gwynn holds that George Moore's attitude was that Edward had been *his* Sancho Panza. Whatever the one may have believed about the

other the pair will be as inseparably connected in the future as are Johnson and Boswell or Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. Probably readers will still turn to "Hail and Farewell" for the living "dear Edward," but they will also have to read this biography for the facts of Martyn's life. All who are familiar with Mr. Gwynn's lengthening series of books will not need to be told that these two are as well-written and excellently arranged as the others. The "Edward Martyn" is a book that no one seeking inside information on many aspects of the Irish Revival can afford to ignore, and one upon which Mr. Gwynn can be heartily congratulated.

The little book on "John Keogh" is at the same time a kind of appendix to Mr. Gwynn's "Daniel O'Connell," and probably an essay preparatory to the fuller "Life" that is to come. In its short compass it gives all that a general reader will need to know about an interesting personality, and it may be commended for that alone.

A. E. M.

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THE EVOLUTION OF INDUSTRIAL ORGANISATION. By B. F. Shields. Pitman, 10s. 6d. net.

That a second edition of this book should have been demanded within a very short time is testimony of its excellence both as a text-book for the higher classes in schools and in the economics and commerce faculties of universities. Thoroughly familiar with the need for such a book because of his experience as Professor of Commerce and Dean of the Faculty of Commerce in University College, Dublin, the author has known exactly what to include and just the correct aspects of his theme to emphasize. It is a book that no student of industrial and commercial organisation can afford to overlook.

As it would be impossible to understand modern and contemporary industrial and commercial structure without some familiarity with that which preceded the Industrial Revolution, Professor Shields outlines in lucid fashion the entire course of Industrial Evolution in his opening chapters. Then follows a series of chapters in which are exhaustively treated such industrial problems as "Business Combinations," "Scientific Management," "Trade Unionism," "Methods of Industrial Remuneration," "The Minimum Wage," "Industrial Education," and "Industrial Welfare Work."

This new edition contains additional matter on such important economic and social matters as Rationalization, the Consumers' Co-operative Movement, Sales by Instalment, Family Allowances, and other problems of outstanding interest to all industrialists, social reformers, and students of commerce. The chapter on Trade Unionism is to be commended because the author has managed to pack so much into his limited space.

The chapter on "Methods of Industrial Remuneration" brings Schloss up to date, but it has none of the controversial fire of Cole's recently-issued *The Payment of Wages*.

Professor Shields is to be congratulated upon an interesting and valuable addition to economic text-books.

L. P. B.



THE GROWING TREES. By Ruth Manning-Sanders. (Faber & Faber. 7s. 6d. net.)

As *The Crochet Woman* was one of the outstanding novels of last year, so *The Growing Trees* is certain to be one of the most distinguished of the Spring novels. With every book the art of Mrs. Manning-Sanders develops and grows in strength, so that a characteristic which in the beginning seemed to be a pre-occupation with the sadness of life is now a poignant beauty. Her writing, too, is at the same time more limpid and stronger, and the effect of *The Growing Trees* is to produce an impression that will be ineradicable.

In the little fir-trees which Mrs. Brock had planted at the end of her garden to shield her from the noise and ugliness of an encroaching suburb Mrs. Manning-Sanders symbolises the efforts of a devoted mother to shield an only son from the "slings and arrows" of contemporary life. Not all her loving kindness, however, could do for James Brock what could be done only by life itself. The son of a modest and retiring professor in a North English university, who was killed in the war, James grew to manhood in an atmosphere of maternal care amounting almost to veneration. Just as he had secured a research scholarship at his father's university his mother died, and the stricken boy goes to the British Museum to study Langland's poems.

Then life begins, and his mother's protective shield availed him nothing. In his boarding-house he was thrown into intimate contact with the landlady's two daughters, differing in temperament and outlook but equally attractive. It is to the worldly and temperamental one that he turns, and it is to her that he owes his initiation into life. Without her he would have remained stunted and starved as the little fir-trees which he watched and tended.

The whole book is so charming that a reader will be enticed into re-reading it almost immediately. And that it stands such a test is proof that it is an unusually delightful novel. It excels in descriptions and personal portraits, so that a poet's mind pervades its pages.

A. E. M.

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CROSS-ROADS IN IRELAND. By Padraic Colum. (Macmillan. 15s. net.)

Everyone who treasures Padraic Colum's *My Irish Year* will hasten to secure a copy of his new volume of sketches entitled *Cross-Roads in Ireland*. Here again is all the glamour that Colum alone can bring to his aid to make the Ireland of the pedestrian's eye glow and shimmer even under the very greyest of leaden skies. A glance at the Contents list might induce the idea that *Cross-Roads in Ireland* is just another of those books for the tourist that jostle each other from the printing-presses; but if there be anyone who takes this glorious book to be such as these he will be making the major mistake of his life. It is a book to be taken to the heart of all who love Ireland, not only the land and soil of Ireland, but the associations which have made of the island a great land of "memories and hopes."

In *Cross-Roads in Ireland*, indeed, there is at least as much of Padraic Colum the poet of *Wild Earth* as there is of Ireland, but that will be held to him for

excellence by everyone who values beautiful descriptive writing and whimsicalities such as are at the command of none other to-day. So the reader is taken upon what is really the meditative pilgrimage of a poet to the Four Provinces of Ireland, stopping occasionally by the way to listen to a song or a story which illuminates the place as with a gold aureole.

Places, however, are not Colum's only or indeed his main, concern. He is delightfully conscious of the glories of the O'Neills, of the struggles of Saint Patrick, of Gavan Duffy, Alice Milligan and Emily Lawless; and just a little angry with the present state of Irish political geography. He can glance appreciatively at the poor fare given our students for reading, and the intellectual poverty of the life of the average priest. For church architecture and furnishings he has the scorn of all who would embellish and improve by native art. A truly lovable book.

A. E. M.

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### THE SPRING PUBLISHING LISTS.

The Spring Publishing Lists contain many books of more than usual interest to Irish readers, and quite a considerable number of volumes by Irish authors. In Messrs. Macmillan's Spring List Æ figures with a volume of poems entitled *Vale and other Poems*, James Stephens with a volume of new poems not yet titled, and Padraic Colum with a volume of poems entitled *Old Pastures*, and a new kind of "travel book" entitled *Cross Roads in Ireland*. Padraic Colum is very prominently before the reading public just now, as in addition to the two volumes coming from Messrs. Macmillan he has a third in the press to be published by Messrs. Elkin Mathews and Marriot.

Those whose interest runs to Irish history in its most detailed form will give an especial welcome to Lady Burghclere's *Strafford*, in which the Irish career of the famous Thomas Wentworth is sympathetically studied. Another Irishman who figures in Messrs. Macmillan's List is Mr. I. M. B. Stuart, the famous Irish International Rugby footballer, with a book on *The Theory of Modern Rugby Football*.

In a List that contains a great variety of excellent volumes are novels by Stella Benson, Hugh Walpole, and the Countess Russell, and new editions of the poems of Thomas Hardy and William Blake, the latter edited by Laurence Binyon from the text of the Centenary Edition of the Nonesuch Press.

In Messrs. Faber & Faber's Spring List probably the outstanding issue of Irish interest is the new booklet by James Joyce in the Criterion Miscellany under the title *Haveth Childers Everywhere*. However, *Berkeley's Commonplace Book*, edited by Mr. G. A. Johnston, will have a very great value for many Irish readers. Messrs. Faber & Faber will also publish during the Spring such important volumes as William Rothenstein's *Men and Memories*, a study of "Thomas Hardy," by Arthur McDowall, one of "Joseph Conrad," by R. L. Megroz, and Mrs. Ruth Manning-Sanders' new novel, *The Growing Trees*.

From Messrs. John Lane, the Bodley Head, is to come a study of *The Soviet Five Year Plan*, by the American journalist H. R. Knickerbocker, and some other volumes dealing with the new economic organisation of Russia are to be



issued by Messrs. Macmillan, so that the new Russia will figure very prominently in the coming few months. To a volume entitled *Chorus to Adventurers*, from the pen of Mr. Roger Pocock, there is an Introduction by Mr. Stephen Gwynn. In Hamlin Garland's *Roadside Meetings* and W. A. Propert's *The Russian Ballet*, 1921-1929, no less than in the fifth volume of Elie Faure's *The History of Art*. Irish readers are certain to find considerable interest.

From Messrs. D. Appleton is to come an interesting volume on *Contemporary Social Movements*, by Jerome Davis, and a history of American literature from 1890 to date will be found in Fred L. Pattee's book, *The New American Literature*.

A great deal of Irish material will be found in a book to come from Messrs. Sampson Low, entitled *Scalpel, Sword and Stretcher*, by Colonel Robert J. Blackham; in Shan Bullock's *After Sixty Years*; and in what is probably the late Donn Byrne's last book, *Stories Without Women*. The new Pocket Edition of Donn Byrne's works at 3s. 6d. a volume is likely to be exceedingly popular with Irish readers.

An American publisher, Mr. Horace Liveright, announces a departure in his well-known "Black and Gold Library" by the inclusion of the work of a living author. The first volume by a living author is to be *A Story Teller's Holiday*, by George Moore.